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Sidney Drew  
Mary Garden  
Mae Marsh  
Linda A. Griffith  
Norma Talmadge  
Winifred Allen  
Kate Carter  
William Russell  
*and others*

Specially Posed for  
FILM FUN and  
drawn from life  
by LOU MAYER

LOU  
MAYER

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NORMA TALMADGE

# VIRTUE IN THE BALLET



Of all the witches and semi-witches of that eternal Walpurgis Night that represents the world, the ladies of the ballet have at all times and in all places been regarded as least like saints.

Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

He was a rich stockbroker, one of those "generous gentlemen," if the object of his momentary fancy was young and pretty and apparently unsophisticated. And then there was another, who sent no diamonds, and not even flowers, but who was young and goodlooking, though poor, and who worshipped her from afar until that memorable night—but read the whole story for yourself as Maupassant tells it—an amusing story that is a gem of art and irony, a story with an unexpected ending that will do your heart good, and found with all Maupassant's other inimitable stories, his novels, his poems and dramas, in this superb *VERDUN EDITION* of

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The petty meannesses of human nature and the passions—lust and cupidity—which stir most men and women to action did not stay Maupassant's impartial hand so long as this ugly side of humanity existed. Pitiless as is his art, at times he surprises us with a touch of tender pathos in which we recognize the warm heart of a fellowman.

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MAR 16 1918 ✓

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June Caprice, in "The Heart of Romance," is trying to involve her canine guardian in mischief.

# Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine  
Devoted to the Best Interests of All  
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

## MARCH -- APRIL - 1918

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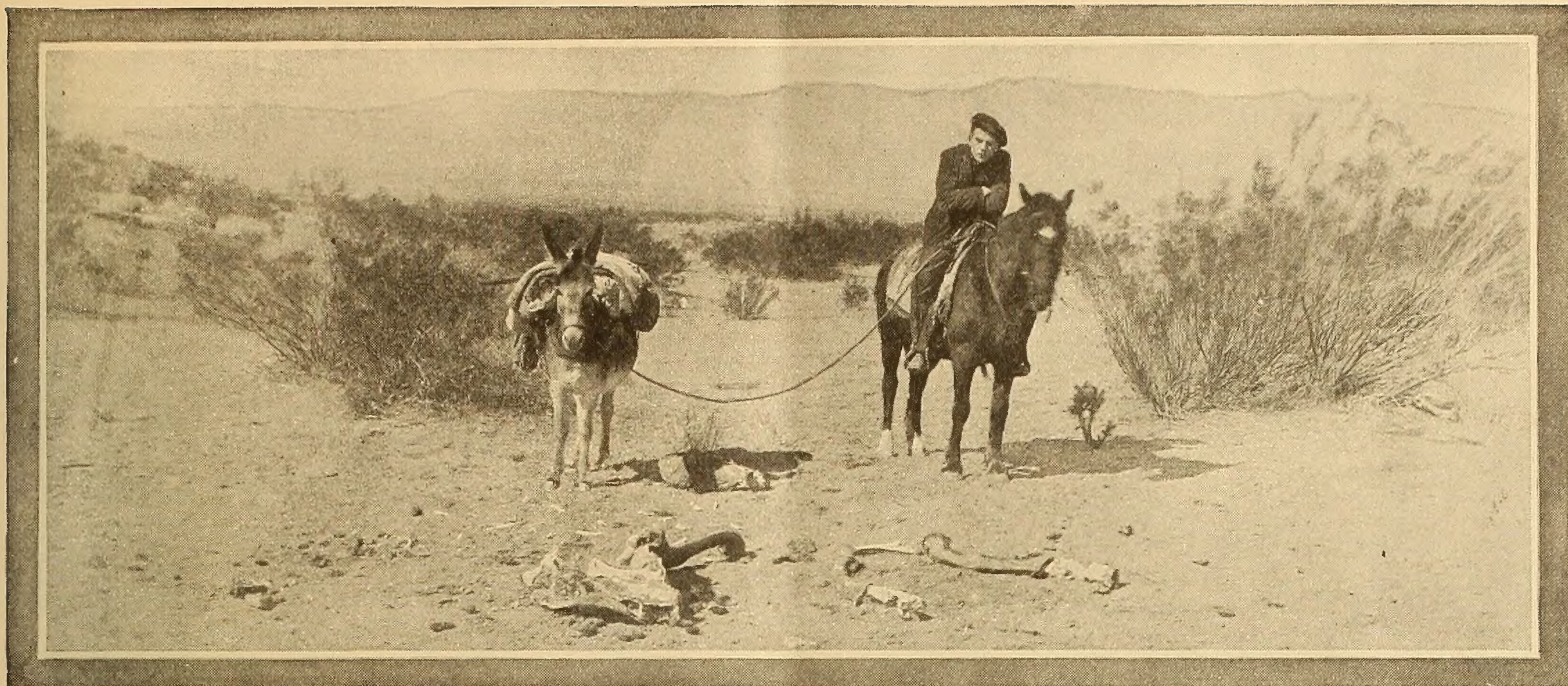
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PETROVA PICTURES

MARCEAU PHOTO

*Madam Olga Petrova seems to be dreaming thus: "Will some of my pictures endure like the old tapestries? Perhaps, if one is content to work as the master weavers did, in the long ago."*



GENERAL FILM

*"I hate to follow his trail when I don't know which way he went," muses Henry King, in "The Main Spring." The play was filmed in the Mojave Desert.*

## EDITORIAL

### Virginia Takes the Lead

**A** BILL has been introduced in the Virginia General Assembly, by Representative J. P. Jones, "to purify and elevate the standards of the photoplay." This should be a hint to producers, many of whom curtailed or suspended production when the false alarm began to sound. There is no occasion for panic. Motion pictures are a permanent institution; they are a part of life. But they are badly in need of improvement. By securing the co-operation of able writers, it would be possible to get real plays, the kind which truly present the interesting aspects of the actual life of the fine, clean, fit, progressive American people. Such plays would be worthy of the exquisite craftsmanship to which the mechanical side of the pictures has attained. But this co-operation must be skillfully wooed before it can be won, because writers throughout the land are loud in denunciation of prevailing conditions. A thorough reconstruction and the application of recognized business principles is what will be the salvation at this time of those producers who heed the handwriting on the wall.

### The Box-office Rebuke

**W**ITH two or three motion picture theaters within easy walking distance from his home, any fan is foolish who fails to see the sort of plays he likes and to get his money's worth at every performance he attends. No director can make consistently a play perfect in all respects, but open booking, which now prevails, amounts on the part of producers to an offer to bear the burden of their own mistakes, and this makes it easy for the picture-lover to lodge the most effective protest against poor plays—a rebuke that will be heeded and

acted upon. Any sort of play that doesn't make a good box-office showing will be discontinued. So cultivate the habit of going to those theaters that give the plays you like.

### Royalties for Authors

**I**T WOULD seem the fair thing for writers of scenarios to share profits in a way similar to that which prevails between publishers and writers of books. Such an agreement would insure to all concerned a proper share of earnings, and if generally understood it would discourage poor productions and promote the greatest good to the greatest number.

### A Side-line

**T**HERE is a new diversion in the motion picture world. It is called sueitis. It is highly amusing and lucrative—for the one that wins. George Arliss sued the Herbert Brenon Corporation, because he claimed they failed to keep their contract with him. The amount involved was a little matter of \$22,500, which was to cover the actor's services in a production of "Faust." Arliss won. Then Theda Bara, of vampire fame, brought suit against Major M. L. C. Funkhouser, movie censor, for \$100,000 damages, alleging libel and slander. Funkhouser dared to criticise her attire in various pictures. Now Billie Burke has begun suit to collect \$34,000, which she claims as her due on a contract to play the leading part in "The Rescuing Angel." She contends that twenty-three weeks' salary is still owing her. Also, if she wins the money, she will turn it over to the Red Cross! It is a pleasant pastime, to say nothing of the free publicity it gives one. Also it suggests that all the drama and comedy of the screen sphere are not filmed.



FRANK A. KEENEY PICTURES

LUMIERE PHOTO

Catherine Calvert is star in "A Romance of the Underworld" the first release of this new corporation.

# Flash Backs

## Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

**A**NNETTE KELLERMANN dove into fame, and Ann Pennington got there with both feet.

No wonder the West is wild—when you consider what "Fatty" Arbuckle does to it in his "Out West"!

Vivian Martin's new play is called "A Petticoat Pilot." That kind of a pilot has piled many a man on the rocks.

Says Bill Carney, the auburn-haired property man at the Fox studio: "Aw, When a Man Sees Red, he puts him to work!"

Clara Kimball Young will appear in Marcin's "House of Glass." There will be none of the famed clarakyounng disrobing scenes in this play—for obvious reasons!

A certain film company advised writers not to roll their scenarios, but to send them in flat. Guess they got what they asked for, because their recent pictures were decidedly so.

Bessie Barriscale never allows her husband, Howard Hickman, around her dressing-room at the studio. Not since she caught Howard touching up his white shoes with her best powder puff.

Shirley Mason exercises to keep thin. Victor Potel exercises to get fat. Victor Moore exercises to get thin. Roscoe Arbuckle exercises to keep fat. Funny ol' place, this film world, isn't it?

Burglars are barred from the films in Ohio by the State Board of Censors. They are still allowed, however, to burgle your flat while you are at the theater. What Ohio needs is more coppers and less knockers.

Helen Holmes's adopted baby insists upon having a miniature train to play with, instead of the usual infantile toys. Ah, well, sometimes we inherit a trait and sometimes we just absorb it from our surroundings!

That big grin on the face of Nature, better known as the Grand Canyon, is said to be slowly closing up. Fairbanks recently made a picture there, and the G. C., after seeing Doug's smile, probably gave up in despair.

Marshall Neilan was rejected by army examiners on account of poor eyesight. The children who played as "extras" in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" declare NOTHING escapes Marshall's eagle eyes. And there you are!

Vitagraph has enrolled Mlle. Hedda Nova, a famous Russian actress. Although the lady's name sounds like a breakfast food, we are—and she should be—comforted with the thought that it might have been far worse. Suppose her last name had been Cabbage!

Maurice Tourneau, who is producing Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," says the nude figures in the play will be viewed with reverence. Uh, huh! Wait until those Chicago censors get a look at 'em! Why, say, out there they even made 'em take the bear out of the Lincoln Park Zoo!



PARAMOUNT

HARTSOOK PHOTO

*Three stars that shine as one. Geraldine Farrar in her boudoir.*

## Why I Became a Screen Star

*The Truth About the Much Discussed Advent of a World Famous Singer Into the Movies*

By GERALDINE FARRAR

I HAD been an opera singer for over ten years when they asked me to go into the movies. I made my debut in opera at the age of nineteen at the Royal Opera in Berlin. A year later I sang for the Kaiser (would it had been a permanent lullaby!) and five years later I returned to America to sing at the Occidental shrine of music, the Metropolitan Opera House.

In those years the public had been extremely good to me. I used to see my name in the press reviews and wonder if it was really I about whom such splendid things were said. People sent me letters from all over the country, and I began to think I was an extremely popular institution.

And then I went into the movies, and my eyes were opened to what popularity really is. It is stupendous, this movie game! I never cease to wonder at its immense ramifications, at the enormous possibilities for reaching every class of people. The newspaper is a pygmy compared to it. It is the greatest publicity force in the universe.

It wasn't long after I had finished "Carmen" for the pictures that I began to realize that, compared to my

present public position, I had been, hitherto, a comparative unknown. Where I got five letters a day from an appreciative public before, I now received a hundred. Where I had received a score or more press notices on operas in which I sang, I now received them by the thousands. And where I had received a healthy salary for singing, I now received—but that cannot be very interesting to you.

In the course of my career in opera, many things were said about me that were not true. In the course of my career in the motion pictures, I had been made to say—in interviews—many things I had never said at all. So, whatever else I say in this article, I am, at least, stating the truth.

You hear people say acting for the screen is not really acting, that there can be no art in it. A great many legitimate players have approached the work in this way, and with the big money that is being paid in view, have thought only of this, have belittled the work, and have most likely failed. But I think screen acting has a technique of its own as real and as distinctive as that of the stage. It has not been fully developed yet, and as players become

more expert in the new technique, pictures will become finer, more significant.

We have only scratched the surface, and before we are through I believe we will have a screen language that will be just as understandable as the language of the spoken drama. You know on the stage, in the most dramatic scenes, the dialogue is reduced to a minimum. Lines are merely a commentary by the players on the situation.

Even now there are expressions and movements universally recognized by audiences as denoting certain elementary emotions, and as players become more skilled the screen language will become more complex and expressive, and as it does, players will cease mouthing—a ridiculous practice, it seems to me. Melodrama abounding in rapid action has been the material of the movies, but with the development of the new language I believe it is now possible to present emotional and psychological dramas in which there is little action, with only a minimum use of sub-titles.

With men like Cecil De Mille, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, who thinks deeper and works harder than most other directors and is therefore a genius, developing the technical end, new effects will be obtained, which will put the screen art in the top rank with the other fine arts. Mr. De Mille has surrounded himself with a clever corps of men who are doing some wonderful things. One of them is working on color photography; then I have seen in his laboratory some wonderful tintings—silver in water, sunrise and sunset colors and other effects I am probably not supposed to tell about.

People ask me: "What about the absence of an audience to act before? Isn't it hard to work up enthusiasm with no one to applaud?"

There usually is a crowd about when pictures are taken, and these people are your audience. Then the actress's vanity comes in for its share when she sits out front and sees herself act and at the same time watches the audience enjoy it—if they do. The picture game is better than the legitimate in this—it's a business and not a gamble for the actor. You work every day, and if a picture is good it goes, and if it is bad it's thrown away. And you don't have to wait for the opening, read the papers, count the house from night to night, and when the play fails wonder what you will do next.

My parents were both of musical tastes, although neither made professional use of their talents. From early childhood my voice gave promise, and I sang at many local entertainments. When I was twelve years old my father decided to give me a musical education, although he did not look with favor upon professional stage life for women. But though he had no professional ambitions for his daughter, he did not feel that he was justified in preventing her from the career that destiny seemed to have selected for her.

After some study in Boston I went to New York, working under Emma Thursby; later, I continued her work in Washington, D. C. It was in Washington that I first came into public notice. At about the time of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay I was presented to President and Mrs. McKinley, for whom I sang at the White House.

I was finally permitted to try my voice before Melba and Mr. Ellis, of the Walter Damrosch Opera Company. Melba was most enthusiastic in her praise, and Mr. Ellis offered \$20,000 for four years of work, during which time I would have the opportunity to study with Melba. But my father insisted upon a refusal of the offer, and also of a proposition of \$8,000 a year from Grau.

I then went to Europe, and there, in addition to further developing my voice and musical knowledge, began to acquire foreign languages. Ultimately I made my *debut* at the Royal Opera in Berlin. I was at once put on a three years' contract and had the distinction of being the youngest singer ever intrusted with the role of *Marguerite* in "Faust" and was the only artist who ever succeeded in singing Italian operas in the Italian language at the Berlin Opera.

In rapid succession I appeared in other leading European musical centers, including Paris, Monte Carlo, Munich, Warsaw and Stockholm. In the latter city I was decorated by the late King Oscar. When I finally returned to the United States to sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, it was after seven years of European operatic work.

And then I went into the movies under Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil De Mille and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. My association there has been one of the pleasantest things in my life. No one can appreciate so well as the person who joins forces with the Famous Players Company what high ideals are theirs and to what extravagant lengths they are willing to go to attain those ideals.

Of my picture roles I believe I like *Joan*, in "Joan the Woman," the best. I had lots of fun in the Aztec story of "The Woman God Forgot," for it appeals to any woman's sense of the decorative, and, in addition, it gave splendid opportunities for acting. If I were to tell you of the magnitude of that work done in the studios and in the Yosemite, it would be a whole story in itself.

As for "Carmen," which caused more comment in the films than all the grand opera *Carmens* put together, I have my own ideas about that girl.

*Carmen* is simply the natural woman. She is neither moral nor unmoral. She loves *Don Jose*, the dragoon—for a while. Then she tires of him and turns to the more exciting, the less certain toreador, as naturally as a little girl turns from the cake she has sampled and does not care for particularly to the unbitten cake still in the paper bag. There is no deliberate guile in my *Carmen*, no practiced coquetry. There is no sentiment, only passion; no immorality, only natural woman.

My *Carmen* sees a man who attracts her. She takes him ruthlessly. When she tires of him, she leaves him just as ruthlessly. She sees a piece of cake, she wants it, and she takes it. If the cake palls when it is only half eaten, she sees no reason why she should go on pretending to like it. She has had enough.

Joan Marsh



CAMPBELL PHOTO

# The Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

by

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are striving for its downfall or its advancement.)

## At Last a Super-picture

"MY OWN UNITED STATES," Anthony Paul Kelly's masterful motion picture, proves one thing. It proves that history portrayed on the screen can be as instructive and as interesting as when told in book form by the most learned and interesting of writers. Mr. Kelly, who compiled the delightful scenario of this picture, should turn out more historical subjects, for the long-suffering motion picture public is parched with thirst for such worth-while material as forms the subject matter of "My Own United States." Incidentally, it was a joy to hear the applause when the author's name was flashed on the screen. It has taken many years for the neglected author to arrive at the place where applause is given him.

The subject matter of "My Own United States" comprises principally the life and time of Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr and Lieutenant Phillip Nolan, and so brings in that most patriotic and pathetic story of Edward Everett Hale, "The Man Without a Country." The screen narrative opens with a young college chap, a pert, impudent, cigarette-smoking youngster of the present day, who thinks life is too sweet for him to go to war, whereupon his elderly grandparent tells him the story of the lives of Hamilton, Burr and the heart-breaking career of Phillip Nolan. When the story is finished, the smart youth is a changed boy, has found his manhood; he wants to enlist right off. The worst slacker could not help but be reborn and want to fight for his country should he be told the same story.

Aside from the most generous praise which the picture deserves for its artistry, truthfulness to history, splendid characterizations and intelligent acting, it is the best possible propaganda for our young men; it cannot fail but instill patriotism in the breast of the most indifferent wherever it is shown. This photoplay is by far the finest work which John W. Noble has ever done. It is commendable in the producers that the exact historic locations where the main incidents of the story took place were shown, as, for instance, the spot in Weehawken where the duel between Hamilton and Burr was fought, and the use of the old frigate *Constitution*, one of the prize objects of interest of old

Boston town. Arnold Daly gives a perfect performance of both young and old *Phillip Nolan*. Many eyes grew misty during the touching scenes showing *Nolan* as an old man. As he lies in bed, enfeebled with age, and hears news of his country, the U. S. A., for the first time in fifty years, one's throat ached; it was mighty hard to keep back the tears. *Nolan's* punishment for having said, "Damn the United States! I hope I never hear of the United States again!" was that he was put on a vessel and never allowed to hear news of his native land. On his death bed he was told all that had happened to the United States in those years; knowledge of the Civil War was mercifully spared him. It was a splendid bit of motion picture acting, but the public has come to expect such from Arnold Daly. He is not a pretty boy, and he has brains, thank God!

The women in the cast were of minor interest, but Anna Lehr, as *Agnes Churchill*, might have made something out of a sweet and sympathetic part. She didn't seem to take enough interest in her work to costume herself properly or even have the wrinkles pressed out of her clothes. Duncan McRae, as *Alexander Hamilton*, and Charles E. Graham, as *Aaron Burr*, gave splendid performances, with artistic make-ups; they were perfect types of the characters they represented. Sydney Bracy, of "Million Dollar Mystery" fame, contributed some excellent work as *Captain Rene Gautier*, besides showing himself an artist at make-up.

Those whose movie taste does not run to bloodless vamps and barefooted baby dolls will enjoy "My Own United States." It is a fine, clean, dignified picture, full of stirring episodes, interesting bits of history and human pathos. The prelude should be shortened and no doubt will be. One is apt to get a bit tired before the real story begins, and it is too fine a story to allow that to happen.

## Mary Garden Fails To Score

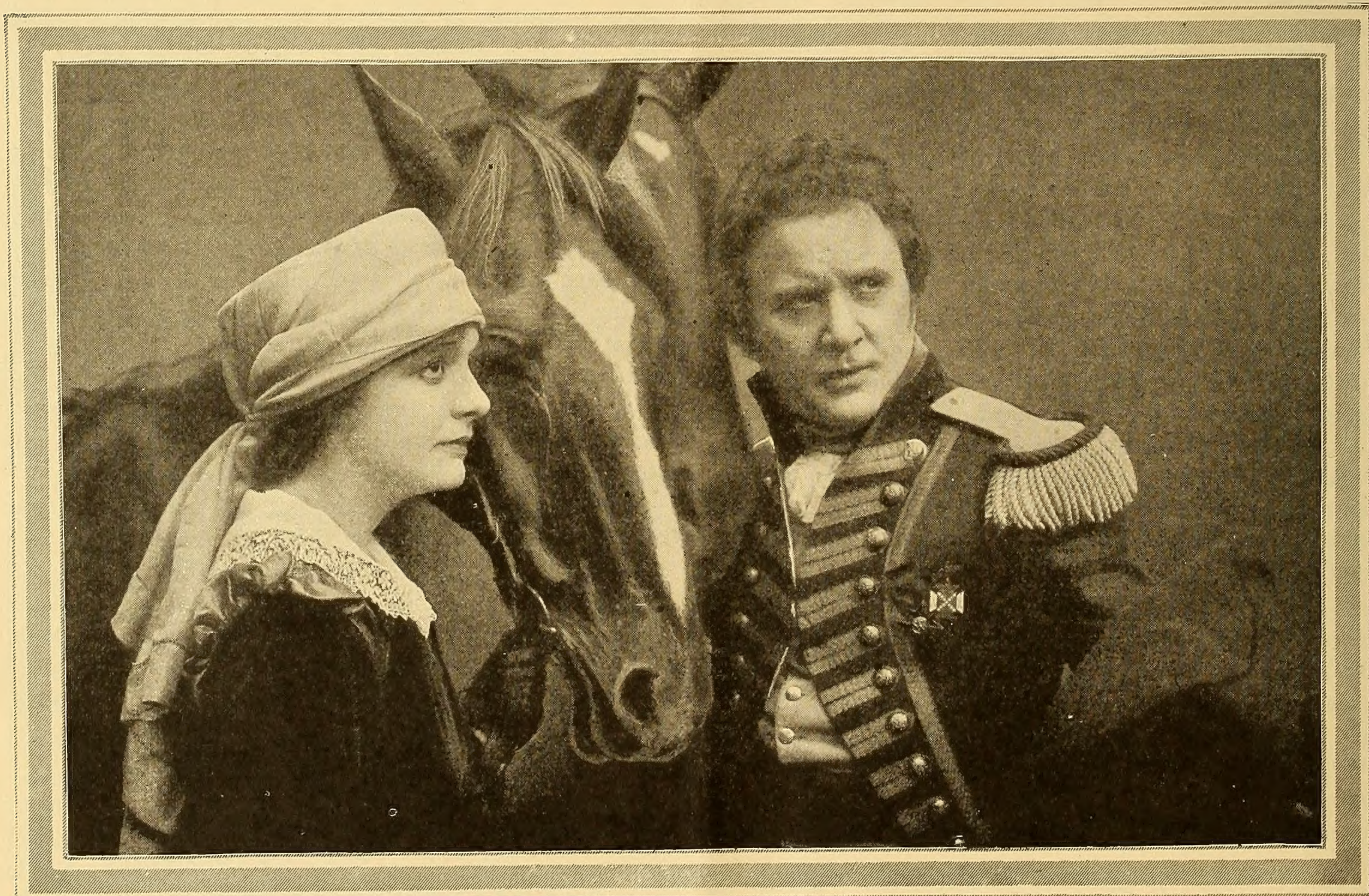
I had always considered Louis Reeves Harrison one of the few fair-minded writers on the movies. If I read nothing else in the *Motion Picture World*, I always read his page; but I fail to grasp his review of "Thais." He says: "'Thais,' as an opera, scored a triumph for Mary Garden, and 'Thais,' as a visualization, preserves that triumph, in

that it vividly portrays her strong personality." "Personality," Mary Garden certainly has, always did have, for she can push even war news off the front page of the newspapers, which is some trick these days. A few years ago, when Alan Dale was busy with stories about "Our Mary" (Miss Garden was called "Our Mary" before little Miss Pickford became so known), there was great fear that all the dramatic actresses were being shoved into the background by one who did not represent drama, but opera. This was much resented by lovers of the drama. But Mary Garden was entitled to every word of praise, to every glowing tribute of her dramatic ability. The writer last saw her in "Louise," and her acting in the final act of that opera would alone establish her as one of the greatest of actresses. What strange metamorphosis happened to Mary Garden when she appeared before a motion picture camera? How had all her tremendous acting ability, her keen dramatic feeling so completely disappeared? Where had it gone? Did she feel too cramped to act in the small space accorded one on a motion picture stage? Or did the camera bring her no inspiration such as the crowded Metropolitan Opera House offers?

Mary Garden's movie performance of *Thais* was absolutely bloodless and wooden. Was there a fear on her part or that of her director that she might not photograph well? Was it this that made her movements so consciously studied? Was she or her director so concerned about getting the perfect proportions of her perfect figure that she was made to appear quite unsteady on her feet? Why, in

a screen portrayal of a character, should all the abandon that the character has in the original story be eliminated, when the actress portraying the character is known to possess all the abandon needed for the portrayal and much to spare?

"Thais" pictorially is most artistic. As an example of decorative art in the matter of "sets," assisted by the best in photography, the picture is flawless. But that is the only virtue the picture has. At a feast in Alexandria, *Paphnutius* points out to *Thais* in a series of "close-ups" the sins of her worldly life. *Paphnutius*, who was *Thais*'s former lover, after an absence of three years, comes back to Alexandria as a monk, feeling himself sent by God to save the soul of *Thais*. These close-ups, picturing groups of persons at the feast in brief scenes denoting selfishness, avarice, passion, jealousy and lust, are strong food for babes and show great generosity on the part of the censor. *Thais* is finally convinced, as the most hardened sinner could hardly fail to be by this expose of materialism, and consents to go with *Paphnutius* and enter a nunnery. There are scenes showing their long and weary travel on foot over waste stretches and desert sands to the place where *Thais* is to find soul happiness. In a flimsy chiffon robe, through which the cold winds blow cruelly, chilling her bare limbs, the fair *Thais*, accompanied by the monk, journeys forth. Perhaps courtesans in those far-off countries and ancient times, when they experienced a change of soul, did thus costume themselves when on their way to become nuns. I do not know whether history could throw much light on



WILLIAM L. SHERRILL

Anna Lehr, as "Agnes Churchill," and Arnold Daly, as "Phillip Nolan," in "My Own United States."



Four scenes from  
"Thais," Mary  
Garden in title role.

this detail. But it did appear a bit funny to see a practically nude woman, with her fair hair a-blowing, and her transparent draperies also a-blowing, *a la* Isadora Duncan's barefoot dancers, accompanied only by a soberly garbed monk, wending her world-weary footsteps to a haven of spiritual rest.

### "His Mother's Boy"

Charles Ray, one of the most pleasing of the younger movie actors, contributes good work to a rather long-drawnout motion picture called "His Mother's Boy." The scenario is from the story of the same name by Rupert Hughes. Either the material therein was not sufficient for a five-reel picture, or the scenario writer fell down on her job, or the director went wrong, for the picture is slow, draggy and padded. There are too many annoying flash-backs to the same scenes to get the necessary footage. There may be speculative oil developments in Texas that are run as the one in this picture is shown, but I doubt it. It seemed more like the stories that are told of the lawless wild life in California when gold was first discovered. Of course, each man



GOLDWYN

"Paphnutius" the monk, leading "Thais" the courtesan into the desert for atonement.

then was digging gold for himself, and if he wanted to get drunk or kill somebody or kill himself, that was his own business. I hardly think that even the most poorly organized oil concern would have a bunch of outlaws in charge of its affairs such as are shown in "His Mother's Boy." Doris Lee, in support of Charles Ray, is youthful and sweet, but she portrayed too conscious a flirt. She would have been much more appealing had

she been simple and unaffected. Why, with a pretty, childlike face, does she wear her hair in a tousled mess on the top of her



PARAMOUNT  
George Beban,  
in "Jules of  
the Strong Heart"

wins earnest  
Celestial  
support for  
his foundling.

head? It reminded one of the snakes of Medusa. Lydia Knott delineates a mother with sympathy and sincerity. The picture is mostly interesting because of the clean-cut acting of Charles Ray. His personality is delightful.

### Beban Never Disappoints

"Jules of the Strong Heart," a Lasky production, brings once more to the screen, in a story of the Canadian woods, that sterling actor, George Beban. Beban never disappoints his audience, for no matter whether his story be weak or strong, the charm of his personality, his clever characterizations and his genuine ability make up for any defect the story may have. Most of Beban's work in "Jules of the Strong Heart" is with a joyful baby, and the pretty scenes between the rough Jules and the youngster brought many a chuckle from the audience. The human note was always there. The picture is laid in a wooded country of great beauty, and the logging scenes, where the giant trees were felled and sent down a chute to the water, were of much interest. The picture was well directed and the



PARAMOUNT  
Charles Ray, as "Matthew Denton," and Doris Lee, as "Mabel Glenny," follow the old trail.

photography was of fine quality. It was cheering to see Beban in a story with a happy ending. It would have been too cruel, after he gives the baby back to its father, had he not been rewarded in the end by winning the girl he loved. He deserved her.

### Animal Stars in the Movies

The Paramount-Mack Sennett comedies, to judge by two recent releases, are all that might be expected from this strong combination. These two particularly clever pictures are "The Kitchen Lady," with Louise Fazenda, and "Taming Target Center," with Polly Moran. In the former the real star of the picture was a clever comedy cat, and the cat's support principally a comedy fish. A clever young grizzly bear completed the list of star animal actors that put the humans quite in the shade. There was one scene that brought something new to filmdom. The cat, sitting alongside a topless glass tank in which live fish were swimming about, carelessly lets his tail touch the water, whereupon the fish seizes the cat's tail in its mouth. The cat unsuc-



PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

(Top Panel)  
Polly Moran is  
congratulated by  
the genial Parson,

her helper in  
"Taming Target  
Center." Assheriff  
she jails rioters.



(At right, oval)  
Roscoe (Fatty)  
Arbuckle, having  
a perfectly ducky  
time, in "A Coun-  
try Hero," his first  
California play.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

(Silhouettes, left  
and right)

Louise Fazenda  
makes able comedy  
support of a nim-  
ble cat and a high-  
brow fish.

cessfully tries to  
shake off the fish,  
then jumps to the  
floor, the fish still  
holding on as they  
rush from room to  
room. The close-ups  
of the cat's expres-  
sion brought gales of

laughter from the  
audience, as did his  
comedy walk with  
pieces of mucilaged  
paper sticking to his  
four feet. Louise  
Fazenda did brave  
work with the young  
bear on her back, the  
animal hugging her  
almost to death. She  
is a mighty clever  
comedian, but the  
cast of animal actors  
nearly beat her to it.  
Douglas Fairbanks  
now has a rival—a  
woman. She does all  
the daring stunts



PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

This bit of rustic camouflagage is from the comedy, "His Hidden Purpose," and is  
one of the Sennett Beauty Brigade wishing somebody would get her goat.



METRO

APEDA PHOTO

*May Allison in all-season attire—a Jack Frost suit and a springtime smile.*

that he does. Now, if she only had his smile and would tone down the vulgar touches, a new comedy star would twinkle in the movie heavens—a star of first magnitude. In “Taming Target Center” Polly Moran does exceptionally clever work and pulls off some reckless tricks.

### “The Last Leaf”

It is quite refreshing to see a good story, well directed and well acted and without a much advertised star, as happens in O. Henry’s story, “The Last Leaf,” a Broadway Star Feature. The movie version of this pathetic story of O. Henry’s preserves quite faithfully the sensitiveness and delicacy of the author’s narrative. The direction was in the capable hands of Ashly Miller. The cast (*Behrman*, Bernard Siegel; *Sue*, Mildred Manning; *Johanna*, Patsy de Forest) brought the O. Henry flavor to their individual interpretations. Patsy de Forest, as *Johanna*, was particularly appealing. She played with much feeling. Mildred Manning was a bit too conscious, rather camera-wise. Bernard Siegel, as *Behrman*, deserves commendation for good work.

### Couldn’t Get a Drink

An amusing incident is told as having taken place during the filming of former Ambassador James W. Gerard’s book, “My Four Years in Germany.” Some exterior scenes were being photographed over in Jersey. The day was a cold one, and the actors in their costumes were thoroughly chilled at the end of their work. It seems that three of them, representing the Kaiser, Hindenburg and Von Tirpitz in full war regalia, entered a small cafe and asked for a drink. The barkeep, a true son of Ireland, refused them. The actors insisted on their drink, but the only words the barkeep uttered were: “I have me orders from the government to serve no one in uniform, and ye’ll git no drink here.” Entreaties, expostulations were all in vain, and the cold, tired actors had to retire to their frigid dressing-room, remove make-up, and dress without any inner warmth to sustain them. Why should any actor interpreting the Kaiser, Hindenburg or Von Tirpitz expect a barkeep to serve him with a drink, even when engaged in the worthy occupation of interpreting for the screen the splendid story of our esteemed James W. Gerard?



### The Age of Reason

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

“You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmy?” the teacher demanded.

“No, ma’am,” answered Jimmy. “But I wondered why he didn’t make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on.”

### Possibly

*First girl* (watching Bill Sykes mop the floor with Nancy in “Oliver Twist”)—I just wouldn’t stand for that! I’d leave him the first chance I got!

*Second girl* (dryly)—Maybe she thinks it’s better to be loved and bossed than not to be loved at all.



METRO

*"A Close Resemblance" afforded Mr. and Mrs. Drew the best possible opportunity for working out their theory that we must laugh together, not at each other, to obtain the humor that is a balm to the heart, and not a hurt.*

## Film Humor More Than Making Funny Faces

*The Human Note, Not Monkey-Shines, Makes the Strongest, Most Lasting Appeal*

By SIDNEY DREW

FILM humor more than making faces? Why, of course it is! All genuine humor on the screen, as well as on the stage, is due not so much to violent action or extravagant facial expression as it is to inference. The fun of the thing is the result of the situation itself, and the situation can be neither expressed nor understood without a certain amount of intelligence. A monkey's face may be funny, but it means nothing; consequently, it is not humorous.

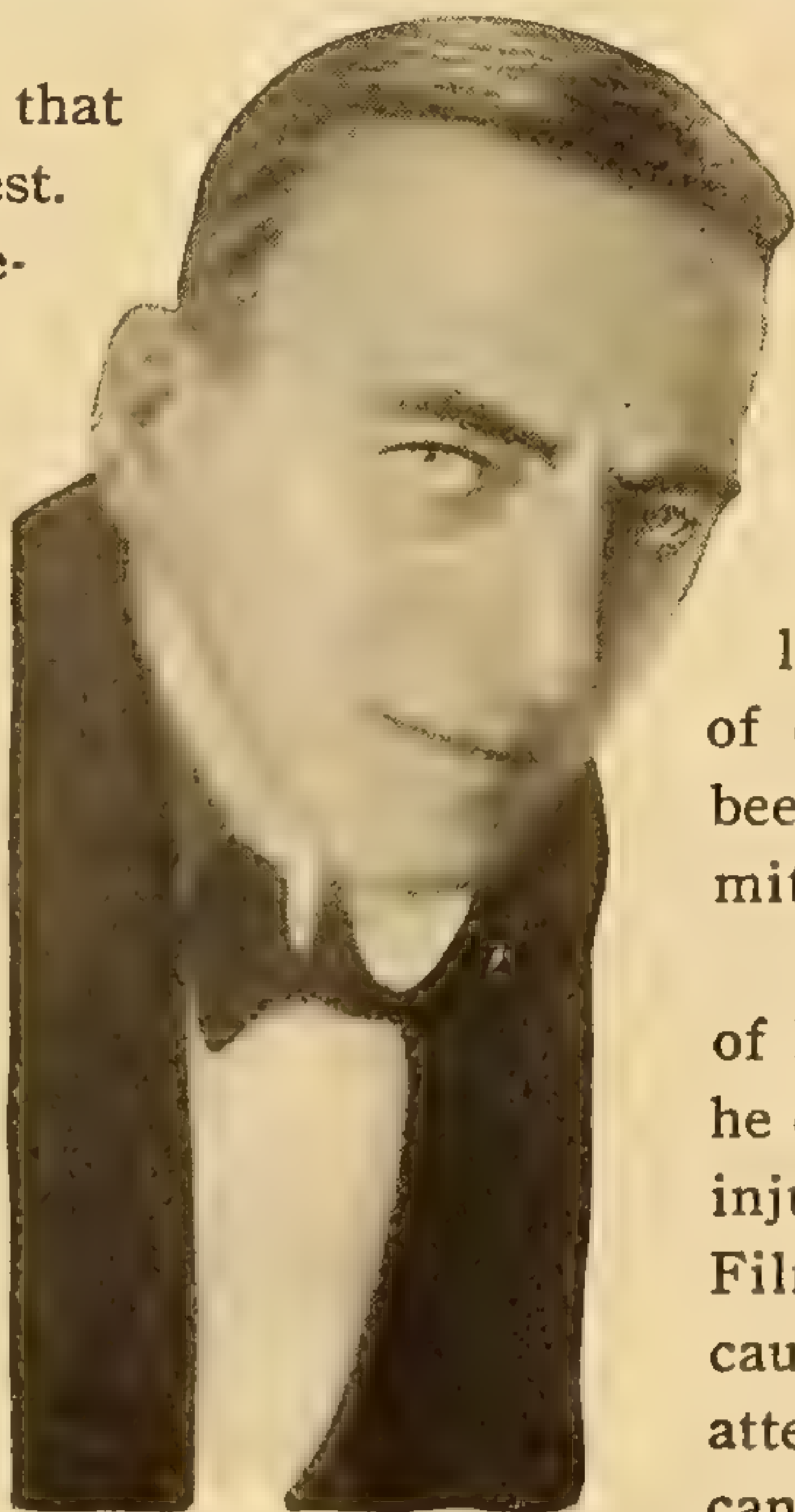
My own view of film humor, naturally, is that of the wholesome, cleanly public I try to interest. And I contend that the general public is wholesome and cleanly, and that it is not necessary to hit people with a metaphorical brick in order to make them laugh. They will laugh at the whimsical foibles of themselves and their neighbors as shown in kindly, friendly guise on the screen. They will laugh the more sincerely at something that is real than at something that is plainly a figment of the imagination.

I want to acknowledge right here that the reason for any success I may have achieved in this line is due solely to the cleanly mind that did me the honor, about four years ago, to become part of my business as well as of my social life. Being trained in the tradition of the theater, I probably, if left to myself, should have thought along theatric lines in my screen

work; in other words, I might have drawn upon my imagination. Mrs. Drew, having lived a non-theatric life, saw things in their real relationships and convinced me that, as screen material, real life itself is much more human and appealing than any fiction could possibly be. It is upon that assumption, that belief, that the Metro-Drew comedies have been built and to which any success they may have had is due.

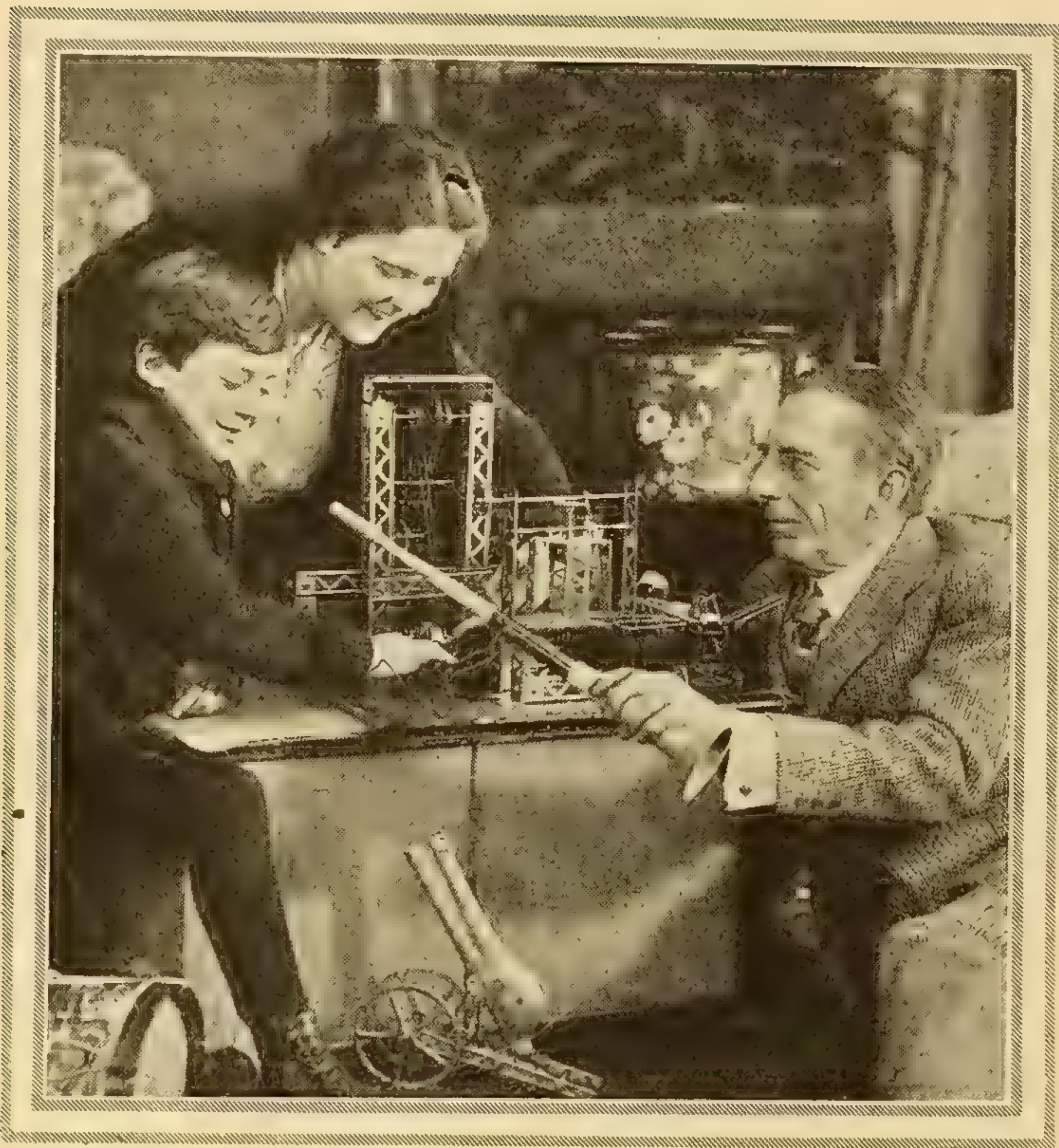
Film humor of the sort I am discussing, the kind that springs from the oddities of family life and real human nature, may not be as profitable as some others, but at least the producers of it can look themselves in the face and retain their self-respect. And as self-respect seems to me the primary consideration in life, I hope to continue to present the style of comedy or humor or film fun that I have been, through the courtesy of Metro, permitted to portray.

Anyone who has at heart the best interests of his profession, art or business—whichever he chooses to call it—does not care to make the injudicious laugh and the judicious grieve. Film humor will not be the less genuine because it keeps its standards high. Those who attend performances of this brand of humor can refer without shame to the foolish but cleanly traits they may have seen sketched upon the screen the night before.



METRO

Sidney Drew  
"as is."



MIRO

*The supporting cast in late Drew comedies includes Bobby Connolly, juvenile star.*

After all, we can't escape the fact that we're all human, and it is the humanity of us, rather than the monkey-shines, that makes the most lasting appeal. The best humor, like

the best art in all other forms, gives the keenest pleasure. Film humor means life in its quainter aspects translated in terms of the screen. Humor, we are told, is distinguished from wit by greater sympathy, geniality and pleasantry. Therefore, we must laugh together, not at each other, to obtain the humor that is a balm to the heart and not a hurt.

Not only is film humor more than making faces; from my point of view it does not consist at all in making faces. Humor, like other forms of art, consists in holding the mirror up to Nature, the only difference being that we do not always allow Nature to dress for dinner; we sometimes catch her with kimono on and hair in curl papers, when she expects to see no one more important than the iceman. On the other hand, some people are just as funny in evening clothes as others are before breakfast. The principal thing, after all, about film humor is to recognize it when you see it. You must have a sense of humor before you can have a sense of film humor. The producer must recognize a humorous idea in a manuscript or in real life, must know how to develop it after having seen it, and must be capable of registering that humor on the screen. And sometimes he also needs a sense of humor when he watches his finished product on the screen. There are many humorous angles to film humor, and no one needs a sense of humor to appreciate all these angles more than the film humorist himself.

*Sidney Drew*



SELFCT

*If this scene between Clara Kimball Young and Captain Robert Warwick occurred in "A House of Glass," it undoubtedly caused comment in the neighborhood.*



LALBOA

*Corinne Grant and Hillarie Stephanie, crystal gazing, are astounded when the magic glass reveals the deluge of gold at their benefit performance at Long Beach for the English ambulance fund.*



TRIANGLE

Jean Calhoun;  
wisteria opera cloak.

VITAGRAPH



Eulalie Jensen;  
lace overdress.

PARAMOUNT



Kathleen Clifford;  
ermine trimmed wrap.

AMERICAN-MUTUAL



Margarita Fischer,  
in seal and squirrel.

Louise  
"Ave"  
m

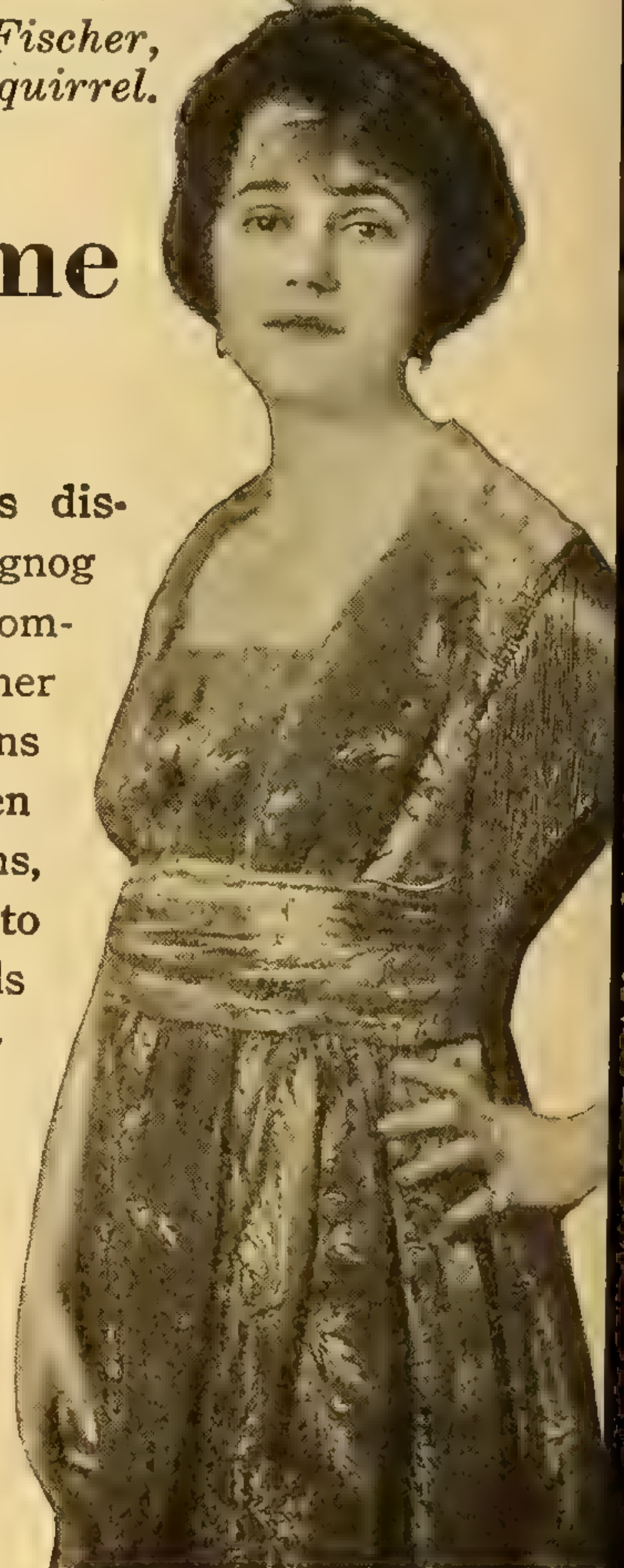
## Clothes—A Vital Theme

By NORMA TALMADGE

clothes  
will  
do  
while  
study  
or

lack the harmony of her soul, first impressions be damning. And more so than all other women the actress have to prepare for those first impressions, even to a greater degree is the screen star forced to her sartorial settings. For on the stage, be it boards or screen, the player is on show, and whereas the leading woman of a Broadway production may change her gowns during the season, her co-worker of the films is compelled to wear the same old things to the end of the reel. And the reel may reel along for a year or so. Moreover, aside from the long run that a picture may have, its release is often postponed for weeks after completion, and if one depended on the shop showings at the time of rehearsal, the costuming would often be hopelessly out of date.

For that reason it is imperative that the frocks for a screen production be selected far in advance of the current styles. One is forced to cultivate a sort of sixth sense. For instance, when I see a baby-frill around the edge of a belt in May, I



SELECT

Alice Brady; for the tea dance

TRIANGLE

Kathleen Clifford; "Tickle-toe"  
dancing frock.



TRIANGLE  
Jean Calhoun;  
"Beatrice" model.



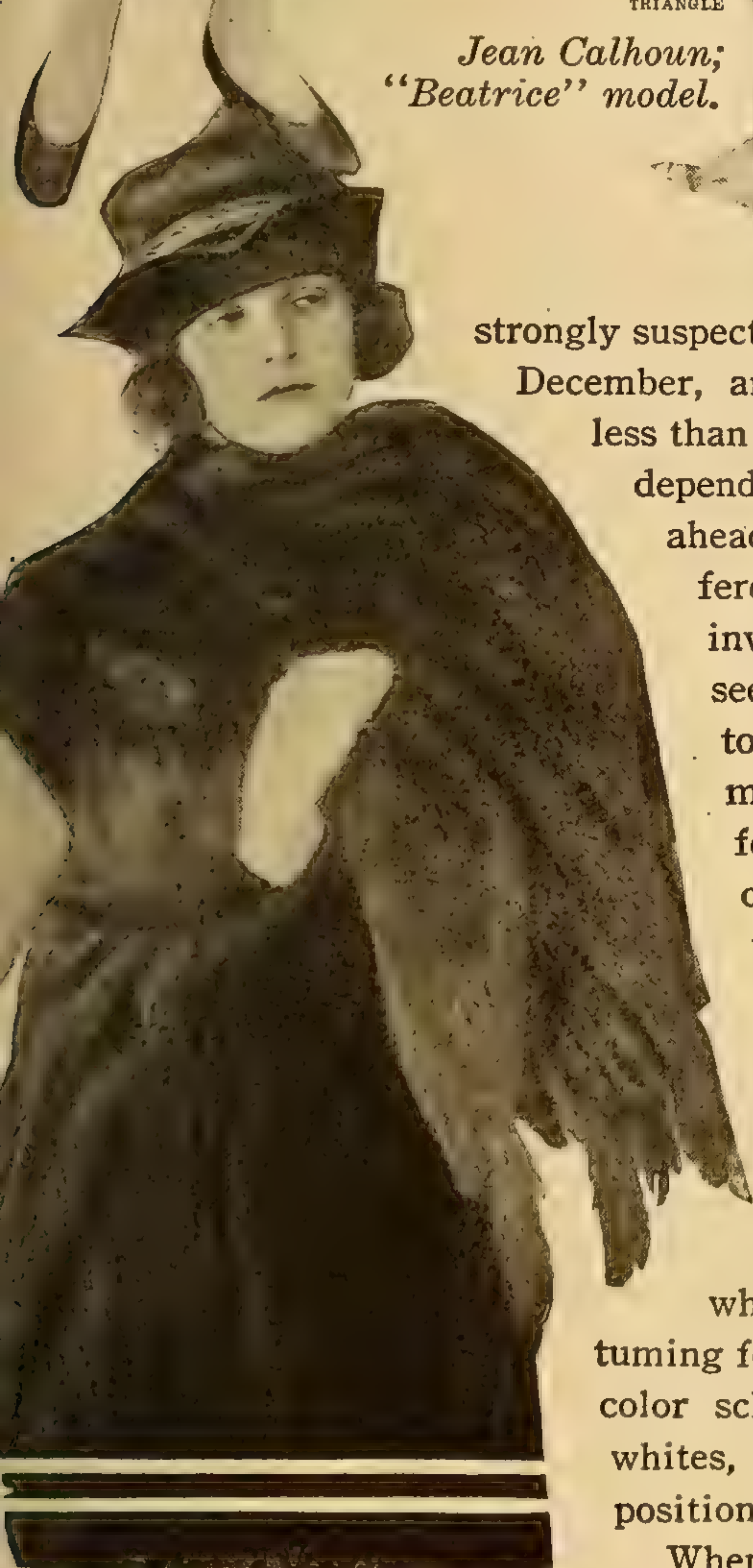
MUTUAL  
Edna  
Goodrich  
trains will  
be worn.



SELECT  
Constance  
Talmadge;  
mermaid suit.



JOHNSTON  
PHOTO



SELECT  
Constance Talmadge; Kolinsky throw.

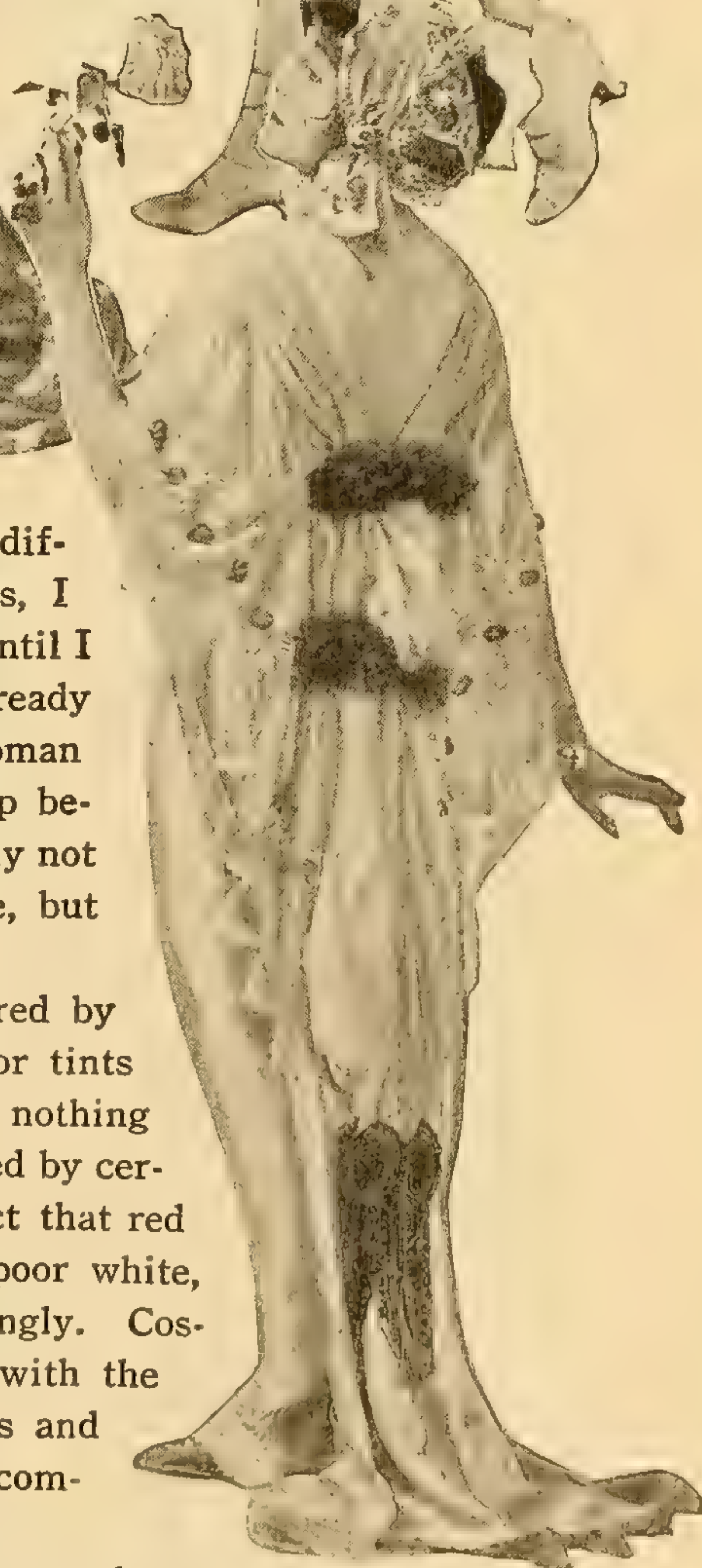
strongly suspect the presence of a full-grown tunic in December, and hoops in June mean nothing less than a barrel next year. But after depending on that extra sense, going

ahead on its conclusions and laying out a wardrobe as different from everyday things as beans are from cats, I invariably grow panicky over the results, and not until I see the play on the screen do I feel reassured and ready to try again. I do believe, furthermore, that a woman must have the feel of artistic gowning in her make-up before she can correctly forecast and sense instinctively not only combinations in accordance with good taste, but the trend of Dame Fashion's vagarious fancies.

Another thing that must be carefully considered by the film star in selecting hats and gowns is color tints and combinations. The average outsider knows nothing whatever of the subtle distinctions to be obtained by certain colors under the photographic lens—the fact that red photographs absolutely black, and pale blue a poor white, while other colors change their identity as confusingly. Costuming for the screen must be worked out in conjunction with the color schemes of the various interiors, and strong blacks and whites, shadings and gradations of tone are planned for composition effects.

When I figure on a new story, clothes always play a tremendous

(Continued in advertising section)



TRIANGLE  
Iris Ashton;  
"Aurora Leigh" model.



FATHE

*Fannie Ward, star in "Innocent," a very beautiful film version of the Broadway success of like name staged by A. H. Woods. This shows Miss Ward somewhere East of Suez—and Los Angeles.*



GOLDWYN

*This isn't a pose, but a favorite pastime with Mae Marsh in her hours of leisure. It is her belief that she inhales inspiration along with the fragrance of the blossoms she loves.*

## Smiles on the Screen—and Tears

*Some Charming Confessions and a Self-Analysis by a Popular Star*

By MAE MARSH

OF ALL persons before the screen public to-day, no one is less qualified to expatiate on theory or technique than I, for I have none of the latter, and of the former I can say nothing new. So it was a large order that FILM FUN gave when the editor asked me to tell how I build up and register joy and sorrow for the camera.

I don't "build up" at all; I just *am*! Whatever I do is spontaneous, with no question of acting behind it. This may sound unconvincing, or it may seem that I am trying to prove my superiority to rules of acting by which others have achieved success. That is not my meaning. I have simply found that my best medium of expression comes through the heart—the mind, I suppose it is—and whatever outward expression I give to my inner feelings must be for me the true method of self-expression.

I do not suppose the screen would have me at all had I been obliged to express myself in conventional ways. But from the first Mr. D. W. Griffith did not hamper me, but brought out whatever I was capable of expressing in my

own way. He did not teach me to act, when he saw me that day sitting dejectedly in the yard of the studio at Los Angeles—that is, to act according to any formula. With infinite patience he brought to the surface my emotions, and when they found expression in symbols quite different from what he expected, he let me go on and be myself. Mr. Griffith encouraged me in this. No one else would have done so, for my hysterical laughter and staccato gestures often were quite opposed to the emotion I was supposed to be portraying.

Once again it must be made clear that I do not consider myself a "revolutionary force" in acting or anything as awesome as that. My way of acting before the camera is, I think, natural. It is the real Me. Whatever value it may have must come from that.

Often I have been asked how I "put over" pathos in the face of the difficulties known to exist in all studio work. Never having faced an audience in my life and never having spoken a word in public, it is as curious to me when I see a stage player revealing an emotional crisis right out

in front of a packed house as it is for the artist of the theater who wonders how we of the studio can act *without* spectators.

It is not hard — when you have done it a great deal. That is why—to go back to Mr. Griffith—I owe everything to that master of acting. It *was* hard for me, a bashful, awkward girl, to do *anything* before *anybody* except the mirror in my room. But he made me feel that no one was looking at me but himself, and my only thought in facing him was to do my utmost.

When the scenario is placed in my hands, I read it hurriedly, impatient to see how it is going to end. I do not think of myself in the character allotted to me. The story as a whole makes the deepest impression. Then I read it again, carefully. Now the individual scenes and episodes begin to take form in my mind, and I visualize my part in detail, but still with no plan of what I shall do to embody the part with my personality. In fact, that does not trouble me at all until I face the camera's eye and listen to my director. Then, of course, I go to work.

We rehearse a scene many times, with each repetition giving it added life and reality. I try to build up the character when I play her, not by theorizing when I read about her in the scenario. Inspirations come to me as she takes on life, and very gradually I begin to feel that she is living, that I am submerged in her. Before the camera

begins finally to click, I have forgotten myself entirely in the girl I am trying to be. But this is not telling how I register pathos, is it?

Frankly, I don't know *how* I project pathos into the orb of the camera! I just *do*, if you say I do.

I suppose it is, first of all, because I am sympathetic. I do feel the role, not through a vivid imagination nor a morbid desire to suffer and to show suffering, but because it never is hard for me to feel for others. Those who know me away from the studios are not in doubt about this, and I hope those who know me only in the silent drama feel no less doubt of my sympathetic qualities. The hopes, fears and troubles of my friends become my own, and until their difficulties are solved they remain my worries, too. This, more than anything else, is the basis of my pathos as it is disclosed on the screen.

After all, it is my own heart, I suppose, that enables me to tell my roles to "have a heart."

If others care for me as *Marjorie Caner*, in "The Cinderella Man," trying to make my grouchy father love me, or when I am *Mary Garland*, in "The Beloved Traitor," struggling to save my sweetheart from himself, it is really because they see the real



GOLDWYN

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

*The original of this would make the grouchiest father love her.*

*Mae Marsh*

## An Easterner in the Golden West

*How the Big Open-air Life of California Has Won the Affections of One Movie Actor*

By WILLIAM RUSSELL

IT WAS five o'clock—in the morning. The sun had already made an investigating pilgrimage of the ranch, and by the time it reached me and the pear tree, under which I had placed my bed the night before, it probably had decided that a stranger in "them there parts" should at least be up, if not doing, by that time. And the way that old, golden ball of daylight must have laughed to himself—if the sun ever can be said to crack itself into mirth—when a pear directly in the branches above me said good-by to its moorings and splashed its juiciness all over my features!

And that was my first awakening in California.

It was somewhat different from opening one's eye in a

Riverside apartment and coming leisurely back into the consciousness of a new day, amid the old and constant conglomeration of sounds that are simply "New York"; and then the tap at the door that bespoke the arrival of the morning mail, borne by the colored mammy, Fanny, who invariably asked:

"Will yo' have a lil' oatmeal this mornin', Mas' Russell?" And, as on every morning of the preceding five years, I would answer:

"Yes, Fanny, I think I will have some this morning."

But evidently the California way was not that of the conservative Fanny, and as I washed the fragments of pear from eyes and ears, I debated sadly with myself as to



AMERICAN

*William Russell joined joyfully in the laugh the film folks gave him when his bean crop, which he figured would help a lot in winning the war, failed and was a total loss. He has the farm yet, and the habit, and is sure that concentration will bring about a great 1918 yield.*

whether or not I would care for the forcible sort of life my first awakening seemed to predict for me.

However, I had concentrated myself into a California ranch, and there I intended to stay and make some of my dreams of ranch life come true. For one year I had determined on the bliss of living in the California out-of-doors, so in February, 1915, I found myself in the State of my dreams, with a contract in my pocket to work at the American Film studios in Santa Barbara. On the day I arrived I found a ranch not far from the studio, leased it, moved my bed out under the pear tree—and I felt that ranch life for me had begun.

With three years of it back of me, I wouldn't exchange it for life in the East again under any circumstance that my fancy can conjure.

One of the California enjoyments which Eastern visitors particularly like is the mountain barbecue, and there is no place like Santa Barbara for holding one. There were thirty of us at the last one I arranged. We left the ranch on horseback and rode over devious, narrow trails, passed unsuspected waterfalls, skirted a gypsy camp, and came out on a point known as the Grand Vista and from which we looked down on all of Santa Barbara, with the Santa Cruz Islands plainly visible across twenty-three miles of ocean.

While my guests were still enthralled with the view, and before they could realize that scenery, as food, is not altogether filling, I led the way down a mile of back trail. Before the site of the barbecue was reached, there came to us the aroma of coffee, then the sound of sizzling meat, and a widening of the trail showed several fires, with a

man busy at each, turning steaks over broilers on the hot coals.

We got back to the ranch about eight o'clock at night, and though we had been in the saddle most of the day and the majority of my guests were not used to this variety of exercise, yet the victrola and Sherry Hall at the piano alternated in supplying the dance music.

My company surprised me with a party on one of my birthdays and presented me with a picnic box which straps onto the back of my car. It contains every variety of utensil usable on a camping trip. That box has gone with me on many journeys into the mountains, where, with a number of scripts and a gun, I have lost myself for days at a time, returning with a story all mapped out for production and with mountain game for my studio companions.

The fall of the year is to me the most fascinating time in California. It is then the mountain fires rage, and while they are terrific, fearsome things, there is about them a majesty that awes and that makes one brave dangers which in calmer moments would seem impossible. Last fall the worst fires the country has known in years burned for days through the canyons and mountains. For two nights every man fought the scourge, carrying families to safety and digging trenches to check the fires' advance.

While there is everything about life in the West to make it different from that of New York and the existence which a majority of us coast film folk have been used to, yet the life in the studio goes on about the same. The studio at Santa Barbara is as beautiful and picturesque as is this town of leisure millionaires itself. Work begins

*(Continued in advertising section)*



CHAPLIN-LAUDER

*Ten million dollars' worth of personality—Harry Lauder and Charlie Chaplin. These soul-twins of comedy are the highest priced entertainers that have ever appeared on the screen.*



GOLDWYN

*The old, old lure of beauty. Under its spell the monk "Paphnutius" drinks the cup the froth of which is folly, and the dregs, sorrow.*

## **Thais the Woman That Preys**

*A Clever Analysis of a Great Historical Character*

By MARY GARDEN

"**T**H AIS, the Eternal Vampire." I should not have objected if the scenario editor had decided to expand the title of my first screen play in that manner. *Thais* is the vampire. And the vampire is as eternal as woman.

More than eight hundred times I have sung the part of the Alexandrian courtesan in Massenet's opera, and each time it has been with the added conviction that *Thais* was a very bad sort—and yet like every other woman, in one way or another. For *Thais* to me is the drama of life and death. She is woman as we know her to-day. She is woman as woman has always been.

*Thais* is essentially the predatory female, using her physical attractions to gain those ends which dwarf her soul. She is, in the parlance of the cinema I have grown so to love, a "vamp."

Call it what you will, the motives and the actions of the Alexandrian are those of the inscrutable feminine. She knows what she wants, and she gets it by means of what the gods have given her. She becomes wily, a great schemer, using her body always as her weapon, so nicely gauging her favors that she knows precisely what a glance will command for her.

*Thais*, like others of her type, does not exploit her beauty without becoming debauched in soul. She cannot refrain from using to the utmost the force within her to bring her luxury upon luxury—always the demands of the carnal-minded. Flesh never is satisfied, and *Thais* is engulfed in the sin which makes the Egyptian city a place of pestilence.

In playing this infamous woman before the camera, I feel that she is the last word in the history of the cinema vampire—not because she is recreated through me, but because she is the primitive and ultimate woman of prey. In the opera the music of Massenet aids yet restrains me. Any musical accompaniment must necessarily serve as a

restraint to the artist who knows a character as I know my *Thais* and as I want the public to know her.

She regards her body as a supreme gift of the gods she worships. In the sleeping soul of the pagan there is no thought of wrong as we know it. Eros is her chief deity, and to the god of passion she dedicates herself.

In my many conferences with M. Anatole France, author of the history of *Thais* which serves as libretto for the opera and the basis of the scenario, we analyzed the character of this extraordinary personality. Her sway in golden Alexandria lasted for many, many years, and always she was the creature who preyed. She did it with finesse—*Thais* was ever the arbiter of correct form in social life—and with never a false note. Indeed, she was really beloved of the common people, as she was by her lovers. She gave liberally to charity, helped people in distress and was capable of genuine sacrifice. This bears out my contention that there is no such thing as the conventional "bad" woman. The moral laws which *Thais* broke were not laws at all to her. She really was serving her gods, not paying them secret tribute.

*Thais* is not dead. She lives to-day. More than one *Thais* sees herself in the opera and on the screen, and to such women the coming of *Thais's* moment of awakening will, I earnestly hope, show them that the glories of the flesh are forgotten in the ecstasy of the soul's rebirth. If it were not for the spiritual significance of the character, the vampire's story would hardly be more than a pageant of passion. And that is not life as we know it and live it.

*Mary Garden*



SELECT

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

*Norma Talmadge in one of life's perfect moments. The gown was created from her own design, to be worn in "Ghosts of Yesterday." Fit and fabrics are equally fine, and the picture was posed by an artist gifted with understanding.*



TRIANGLE

BROWN BROTHERS PHOTO

*Two hearts that beat as one—above the clouds.*

## To the Studio by Aerial-Taxi

*Personal Narrative of the Screen Player Who Was Wood and Won in the Air*

By WINIFRED ALLEN

(Mrs. Lawrence B. Sperry)

SOMETHING simply had to be done. I had been held up for hours and hours, just going from New York down to Garden City. It nearly drove me frantic.

Before this awful war made all this confusion, the trip was a matter of moments; now it isn't worth while to start unless one has all the time there is, for he is certain to be delayed, nobody can even guess how long.

But there is this much to be said in favor of those hours we were delayed out in those dreary, snow-covered, stubble fields, waiting for we knew not what: they set me thinking. And when I really pin my mind down to the solution of a problem, I never give up until I have solved it. The question in this case was how to get where I want to go without delay. The answer is—but wait a little bit and let me tell you all about it.

We were a particularly jolly house party that week-end at the home of Mrs. N. W. Dalton. There were about twenty of us, but the only ones who helped me reach the great conclusion as to the proper way to travel were Mrs. Reid and Lieutenant Lawrence B. Sperry. He has been

flying for the past eight years and is now in Uncle Sam's service with the U. S. Naval Aviation Corps, but Sunday is a free day for him.

We had been skating, ice boating, and having a lot of fun, and then Mr. Sperry wanted to know if any of us wanted to go for a flight. I had always been wild to ride in an aeroplane and just couldn't contain myself with glee when they hoisted me into the machine and belted me into the rear seat. Mrs. Reid sat in front. I was exiled to the tail seat because I am a lightweight.

We were all bundled up in fur-lined aviation suits—mine was about six sizes too large for me—with helmet and goggles.

Someone gave the word, the engine snorted, sputtered, and finally settled down to a steady roar.

Then my confidence began to wane. Someone said: "Don't be nervous; relax. The sensation won't be nearly so bad if you relax." Then we began to rise and were gaining speed, so I gritted my teeth and—relaxed?

(Continued in advertising section)



TRIANGLE

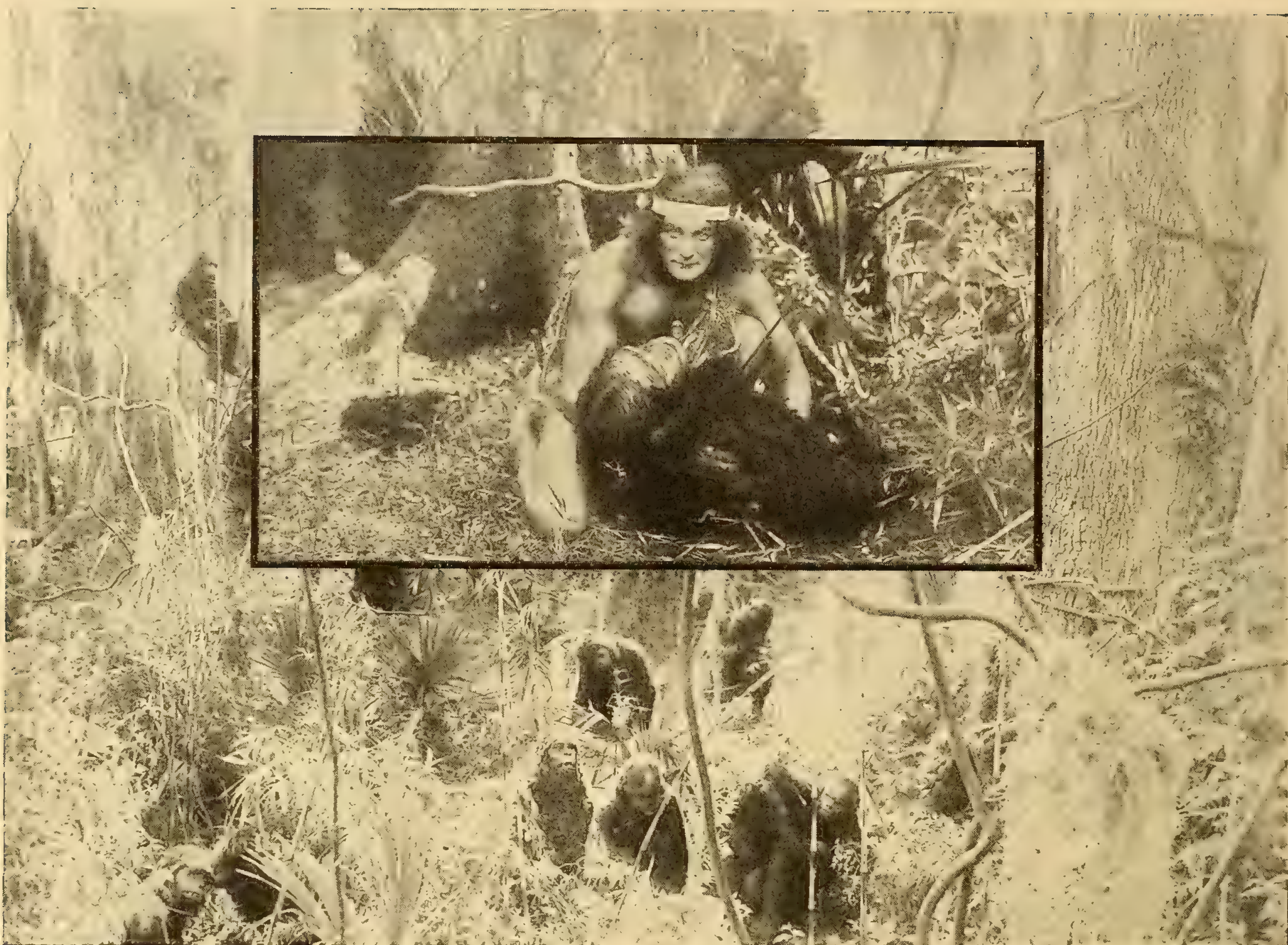


MOODY PHOTO



BROWN BROTHERS PHOTO

*It takes a person of daring, devoid of fear. Here's proof that Mrs. Sperry can qualify under these requirements.*



NATIONAL FILM CORP.

(Insert) "Tarzan's" farewell to the ape "Kala," the only mother he has ever known, slain by an enemy's arrow. The jungle picture shows the brethren and comrades of "Tarzan."

## A Genuine Jungle Story

*"Tarzan of the Apes," a Wild Life Romance, Foreshadows New Screen Possibilities*

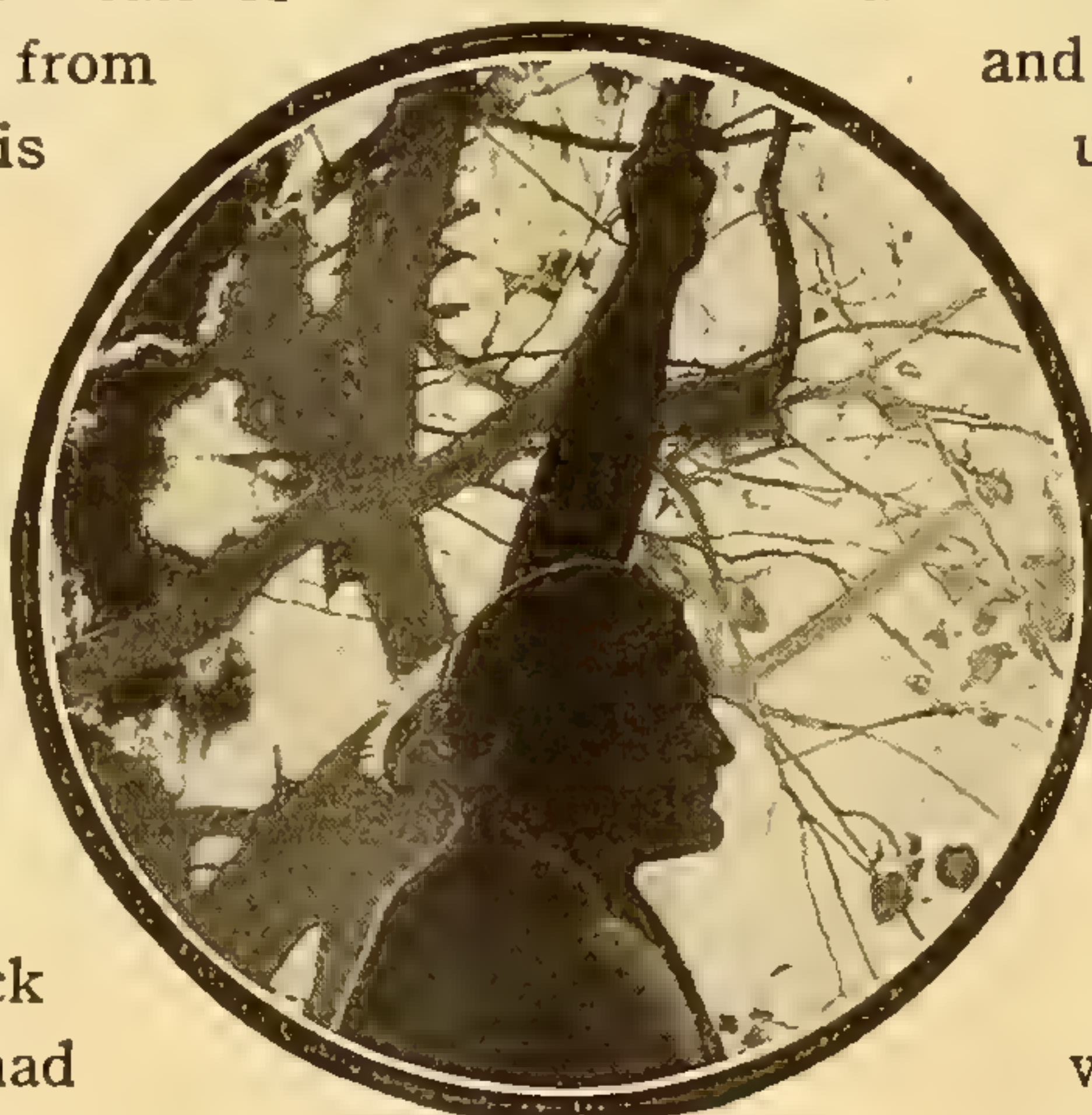
By ELIZABETH LANG FOY

THE POPULARITY of this picture is another demonstration of the fact that the "call of the wild" finds ready response from the majority of us. There is diversity of opinion regarding the climax, but that the filming of this most unusual story was a worthy enterprise seems the unanimous verdict.

Most of us have read the story. A man in earliest infancy was adopted by a family of apes and reared by them in the wilderness, in absolute ignorance of what we know as humanity and civilization. Ultimately he wins back his birthright. Necessarily two actors had to play the part of the hero. Gordon Griffith, as the youth, does wonderful work, particularly in the scene where as an adventurous

boy he breaks into the cabin in which he was born and in which lie the telltale skeletons of father and mother. These he disregards as not unusual incidents of life as he knows it; but his play with the juvenile picture-books his mother had provided was as fine and understanding a bit of acting as could be. The spirit of boyhood animated him throughout his part of the performance.

But, of course, the heavy work is done by Elmo Lincoln, as *Tarzan* come to man's estate. It was admirable throughout—repressed in scenes where the man's mind fumbles with problems for which ape training finds him unprepared, but elsewhere bold and free. The scene where *Tarzan* holds in his arms the dying *Kala*, the only mother he has known, is gripping.



NATIONAL FILM CORP.

"Tarzan" guards the tree-top couch.

## Who's Who and Where

You will not need to be told Who's Who on the cover of this very special number of FILM FUN. Norma Talmadge posed for it on one of the busy days which intervened between the completion of her latest picture and her departure for a much needed rest at Palm Beach, Fla. She did it because we asked her to. We asked the favor because we believed there was nobody you would like better to see than this beautiful and popular player.

The portrait is the work of Lou Mayer, who is as favorably known and well beloved in the art world as Miss Talmadge is on the screen. All those little tricks and charms of dress and manner which, summed up, constitute personality, he has fixed on the canvas in such happy fashion that the picture might well be called "The Spirit of Spring."

The *Universal Screen Magazine* is running a Food Conservation Serial. One of the first episodes presents May Irwin as a star cook, making toothsome war bread. The ingredients are a flour blended of wheat, oats, cornmeal, rye, barley and bran. Honey is used instead of sugar, vegetable oil instead of animal fat (lard); salt, water and yeast are the only items used as heretofore. The whole process is shown in the film, and incidentally it demonstrates another helpful accomplishment of this favorite fun-maker, for the honey used in her war bread is the product of Miss Irwin's own apiary at her home on one of the Thousand Islands.

Captain Vernon Castle, of the Royal Flying Corps, who suffered but one slight wound during two years of constant service in the air for the Allies over the German lines, came to his death on February 15th, at Fort Worth, Tex. He was killed in avoiding a collision with another machine, to escape which Captain Castle took the upward flight at such an angle that his engine died and his machine crashed to earth, burying him in the wreckage. Comradely hands extricated him quickly, but he never regained consciousness and died at the post hospital twenty minutes after the fall. The work he was doing for America as an instructor to the flying forces was said to be as

spectacular and arresting to his comrades on these fields, where aeroplanes are as thick as swarming bees, as the dancing figures that first made him famous used to be. Not only his comrades of the service but hosts of friends among film folks feel his untimely taking as a personal sorrow. Heartfelt sympathy for his wife, Irene Castle, is universal.

The shuttling back and forth across the continent this month includes the establishment of Charles Chaplin in his own studios at Hollywood, Cal., where he is at work on the first of his productions for the Exhibitors' Circuit. A regular exodus of stars from the New York studios of Pathe has occurred. Frank Keenan, Bessie Love and Fannie Ward have gone for an indefinite stay in the land where the sun favors camera work. Gail Kane left shortly before Valentine's Day on a hurry call for the West and has promised to send interesting particulars on her arrival. Edgar Lewis, producer of "The Barrier," "Bar Sinister" and other notable features, has arrived on the coast and will make several productions there.

Captain Alan Campbell, whose death on the Flanders front was reported a few weeks ago, was the son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the great English actress. He was at one time a screen actor with Vitagraph, in the company of Sidney Drew, but at the outbreak of the war he returned home and enlisted in September, 1914, as a private.

Here's a new instance of the way picture producers use up money for publicity. The most expensive business card so far as known is in use by John H. English, publicity editor for Diando Films, Glendale, Cal. It is a fresh-laid egg, with his name and business address on it. Now if only New York publicity men will adopt this fashion!

You will notice that we have made a number of changes and have adopted some new fashions, as is appropriate at Eastertime. We hope and believe you will enjoy this issue of FILM FUN, and we can promise—for the material is already in hand—that the May number will be even better.

## BIG THINGS AT STAKE REQUIRE BIG THINGS TO BE DONE.

THERE are 2,500,000 human lives at stake in Armenia, Syria and Palestine; 400,000 of them are orphans. They are the hope of the future of the Near East. They are the saving remnant of peoples who only need FOOD to make them the masters of their fate. The old order of oppression, cruelty and massacre is passing away in the Near East. The new era of freedom and liberty is dawning there. NOW is the critical hour in the history of these peoples. If they are saved NOW they can rehabilitate their country, establish freedom and secure their industrial supremacy. These things are just within their grasp, after centuries of hope deferred. Help given NOW will mean ultimate victory. The help needed is FOOD, to save these millions FROM starvation and death and FOR future usefulness. \$5 given NOW will prolong one life for a month. \$60 given NOW will save one life for a whole year. America has never been defeated in any campaign upon which she has entered. This life-saving campaign is her work. Won't you make it YOURS? Help Uncle Sam save these starving peoples and secure for them what we enjoy—life, liberty and happiness. Give them LIFE and they will win the rest for themselves. Every cent given goes to buy bread. Not a penny for expenses. Send all contributions to the New York Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, One Madison Avenue, New York. Make checks payable to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer. This work is conducted in perfect co-operation and with full approval of the American Red Cross, which uses this Committee as their agency in this field.

### Special Campaign Committee

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Every Cent Buys Bread—Not a Penny Goes for Expenses.  
F. F. 3-4-13

CLEVELAND H. DODGE, Treasurer,  
1 Madison Avenue, New York.

Enclosed find \$.....for Armenian and Syrian Relief.  
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With it can be made, 1 Great North Pole Game (size 18x11); 1 Big Roll Stage Money; 1 Game Authors (48 Cards); 1 Cribbage Board; 1 Checker Board and Men; 1 Pack Pinochle cards (48 cards). 27 other Games, 19 Lessons in Magic, 1 Set of Dominoes, 27 Authograph Verses, 12 Money Making Secrets, Wireless Telegraph Code, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 2 Puzzles, 100 Conundrums, 85 definitions of Flowers.

All the above, with large catalog for 10c  
Pike Nov. Co., Box 8, South Norwalk, Conn.



## DON'T YOU LIKE My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

You can have the same

LASHNEEN, a hair food, applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c postage. LASHNEEN COMPANY, Dept. 25, Philadelphia



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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.

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you build to stay, and secure the *utmost possible* in Quality, Economy and Service. Why? Simply because you profit directly—*immediately*—by our 24 years experience. You get the benefit of our practical knowledge as the *originators* of the "Direct to You" Home Building Industry. "THE HARRIS WAY" has exclusive merits—special advantages for the shrewd and careful Home Builder, possessed by no other plan or method. It is the best, safest and most sensible way to build your ideal home *right without sacrifice of quality, or the waste of a single penny!*

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Our prices are so low they are bound to advance. If you are needing a house either for investment or for a home, write now.

The Material used in building all Harris Homes is Sensibly "Cut-to-Fit" with *absolute accuracy and positive elimination of all waste*. You pay for nothing that you do not get—only for what is needed to do the work right "THE HARRIS WAY."

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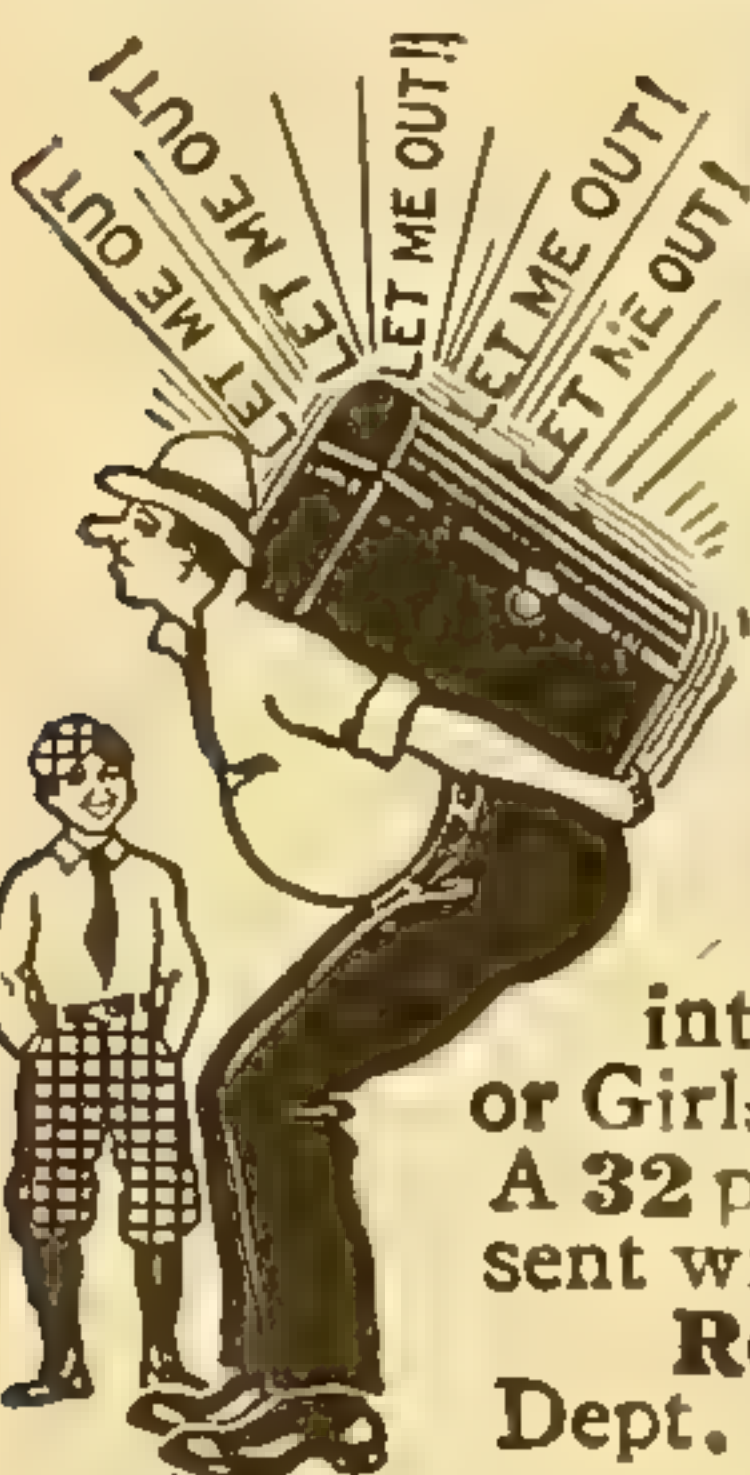
Capital Stock and Surplus—stands back of our guarantee to every Harris Home Buyer—you cannot lose.

**Free Book of Plans** Write for the latest edition of the famous \$10,000 HARRIS HOME PLAN BOOK now ready. Contains 100 modern Harris Home Designs with descriptions, material, specifications, prices, etc., and explains how we save you \$50.00 to \$250.00 on plans and material

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is a little instrument that fits into the mouth out of sight. Boys or Girls can use it. NEVER FAILS! A 32 page book on **Ventriloquism** sent with the VENTRILO for 10c. Royal Novelty Co., Dept. 45 SO. NORWALK, CONN.



## You Can Have Beautiful Eye-brows and Lashes

by applying "Lash-Brow-ine" nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-ine" is guaranteed pure and harmless.

Used successfully by thousands. Send 50c and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-ine" and our beauty booklet prepaid in plain cover. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Beware of worthless imitations. Maybell Laboratories, 4008-18 Indiana Ave., Chicago

## Folding DOUBLE X-RAY



With this X-Ray you can apparently see thru cloth or wood. See bones in the body, makes the flesh look transparent. Lots of fun. 10 cts. by mail. The ARDEE Co., Box 211, Stamford, Conn.

## PHOTOPLAYS WANTED

Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Rex Publishers, Box 175, C-15, Chicago.

## \$—Old Coins Wanted—\$

\$4.25 EACH paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. \$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1910. Send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Get posted. CLARKE COIN CO., Box 26, LE ROY, N. Y.

# Is the Star System All Wrong?

TO THE editor of FILM FUN:

The famous slogan of the suffragettes, "Taxation without representation," could very well be made to fit the case of a disappointed moving picture adherent, who, having paid his money at the box office—his taxation—receives in return for same not only nothing of equity, but is allowed the privilege (?) of sitting through a dreary, padded-out story advertised as a strong photo drama; and not being allowed a voice in public protest is his position of being "without representation." The motion picture theater and what it represents (and doesn't represent) has become a factor in our everyday life, and every intelligent patron of the shadow play feels his right to criticism. As a consistent disburser of small change at the box office of the various motion picture theaters in New York and elsewhere about the country, I am now obeying a justified, legitimate impulse to protest against the enormous output of atrocious film "stuff" that is being shown for the entertainment of thousands of patrons who deserve so much at the managers' hands.

Of course, I am not unmindful of the very lovely nature pictures and an occasional play, well written and distinctly well registered, which find their way on the screen; but the average photoplay is absurd, without continuity and is produced chiefly to exploit the beauty of a "star" whose vogue has not evolved through histrionic ability, but because of a shapely back or a recognized camera quality of rolling her eyes, the rest being printers' ink, thousands of dollars of it, plus the inconceivable and suspicious leniency of her manager.

I maintain, first and last, that it's the play that counts and not the "star." Naturally, there are exceptions—Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Geraldine Farrar are names in the movie world to conjure with, and if they receive the fabulous salaries accredited to them, it is because any one of them is a "sure-fire" box-office proposition. But my contention is that the managers have got the "star" craze, and the public pays to see reputed \$100,000 salaried ladies filmed through five reels of flubdub which represents neither life on this planet nor in the world to come and is valuable only as a "chaser." It's on these productions that fortunes are spent, to give a "star" a chance to show how little she knows of the true art of acting! Star craze! I'm wondering what Mrs. Griffith, who takes so sane a view of motion picture production, will say to Mr. Thomas H. Ince's startling announcement in a recent Sunday issue of the *Morning Telegraph* anent the Million Dollar (I've humbly capitalized both words) scheme of a big producing concern, to spend that amount in advertising the personalities of it's six stars! Stars! Personalities! He insists that everybody wants to know about the personality of a star! (Oh, never mind the play! Print reams about her personality!)

Certainly the big public that surges hourly into the motion picture theaters over the world has its favorites, but the published fact that this or that "star" prefers wheat cakes to chocolate caramels or always plays with her bull pup on the lawn before breakfast does not form a queue to the box office! And isn't it possible that the stupendous commercial side of the "movie game" is destroying Mr. Thomas H. Ince's sense of humor? Hear him speak (I quote from the *Morning Telegraph*): "Caruso is perhaps the best known and best paid single illustration of the earning possibilities in the musical world, and while he receives something like three thousand dollars a night and is enabled to make perhaps sixty appearances a season, his voice is enjoyed only by an audience of some few thousand each night, while if Caruso was a famous motion picture star, he would be seen every night by audiences all over the world—audiences that would number well up in the millions in the aggregate."

Poor Caruso! What's just being the world's greatest tenor compared to a motion picture star seen nightly by millions all over the world? Come, producers, give us something sound in the way of a play, give us life as it actually is lived, or at least a semblance of relative events that might possibly occur, and we will take an occasional vamp or even bobbing curls and insipidity; give us honest-to-goodness drama once in a while, and you can keep your high-priced "stars" and their blessed personalities. But, please, Mr. Ince, don't lose your sense of humor!

KATE CARTER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We cannot agree with all that this well-known writer says concerning screen productions. And yet she has put her finger on a very vulnerable spot in the motion picture business. What do you think of Miss Carter's criticisms? We would like to hear "the other side" discussed.

# The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By Walter Walgrove

**D**O you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions

in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are today using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in FILM FUN.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

[Adv.

THIS picture, in full colors, 9 x 12, mounted on a heavy mat, ready for the frame, will be sent postpaid for

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BODY OR UNDER ARMS positively removed with root. No electricity, pain nor poisonous drugs. Absolutely harmless. Write for particulars, or call for free demonstration.

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Consists of imported "Talk-a-phone" (which fits into the mouth.) Our Ventriloquist DOLL -face nearly life size, with mouth that opens and shuts. Also ART of Ventriloquism. Throw your VOICE in a trunk, into the cellar or any where. Give a show. Have lots of fun. All the above Outfit by mail 10 cts

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Good pay. Send for our free book  
"PHOTOPLAY WRITING"

which gives full instructions.

MIDLAND MOTION PICTURE CO.

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## An Easterner in the Golden West

(Continued from a previous page)

earlier than in the East, an eight o'clock call being general. Three faithful dogs—a collie, a Scotch terrier and a little yellow mutt—usually accompany me to the studio gate. The greenroom is filled with the members of the companies waiting to go out on location, and the big stages are ready with their sets for the day's work.

There are but few ways to spend evenings in Santa Barbara, the most popular being the patronage of picture shows. Then there are the two big hotels, where dancing is held one or more nights a week—and one can always motor.

Trips into Los Angeles, a distance of three and one-half hours, are week-end events and keep one from getting into a rut, which the quiet surroundings of the place is apt to induce.

Every month or two I take a week off and drive up to within a few miles of Fresno, to cast a lordly eye over acres of what I hoped would have been a lucrative bean crop this year. But a weather surprise spoiled the crop, so beans are unpopular with me for the moment. This coming year I am planting most of the acreage to the grapes which hang golden in the long days of still sunshine—these to become, in their final development, raisins.

Going to New York last Christmas was my first trip East in three years. I enjoyed it as a novelty. I am now of the opinion that one should go East every two years at least, so that he may the more thoroughly appreciate the blessings of the big out-of-door life that one gets in the best place in the world—California.

*John F. Russell.*

## To the Studio by Aerial Taxi

(Continued from a previous page)

We left the ground and just floated up. I had expected to be hanging in midair in a perpendicular position, but we were simply gliding upward; I was just on the merest slant. Mr. Sperry had told me if I were frightened to pound him on the back, because it is very difficult to make oneself heard

## Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies, we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; at times both may be at one address.

American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill. Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).  
Artercraft Pictures Corporation (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, et al.), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hollywood, Cal. (s).  
Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).  
Brenon, Herbert, Prod., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).  
Christie Film Corp., Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Cosmofotofilm Co., Candler Building, New York City.  
Clara Kimball Young Company, Aeolian Hall, New York City.  
Edison, Thomas, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).  
Educational Films Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Empire All Star Corporation, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L.I. (s).  
Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (s).  
Famous Players-Lasky Film Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 128 W. 56th Street, New York City. (s).  
Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).  
Gaumont Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Flushing, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).  
Goldwyn Film Corp., 16 E. 42d St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).  
General Film Company, 440 Fourth Ave., New York City.  
Horsley Studio, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Kalem Company, 325 West 23d St., New York City. 251 W. 19th St., New York City. (s). 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s). Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s). Glendale, Cal. (s).  
Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Kleine, George, 168 N. State St., Chicago.  
Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City. (s). Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s). Quality Pictures Corp., Metro Office. Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).  
Morosco Photoplay Company, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City. 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Moss, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Mayfair Pictures Corp., 10 Wall St., New York City. 515 W. 54th Street, New York City. (s).  
Mutual Film Corp., Consumers Building, Chicago.  
Paramount Pictures Corporation, 71 W. 23d St., New York City. 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
Peralta Plays, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. Jersey City, N. J. (s).  
Petrova Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York City. 807 W. 176th St., New York City. (s).  
Powell, Frank, Production Co., Times Building, New York City.  
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).  
Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago, Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago. (s). 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 807 East 176th Street, New York City. (s).  
Signal Film Corp., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Talmadge, Norma, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 318 East 48th Street, New York City. (s).  
Thanouser Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).  
Triangle Company, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Culver City, Cal. (s).  
Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Universal City, Cal. (s). Coyotesville, N. J. (s).  
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City. E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (s). Hollywood, Cal. (s).  
Vogue Comedy Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.  
World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

above the hum of the engine. I was well relaxed and even chuckling to myself over my first nervousness.

It is difficult to express what my feelings were, because I am sure there is nothing else in the world that in any way resembles the sensation of detachment and isolation one experiences when well away on his first flight. I have helped at the launching of a big ship; I've been so far out of sight of land that I seemed to myself about as large and as important as one of the lone gulls; only the day before I had hung onto the ice sledge, going at a speed of seventy miles an hour down the bay, scootering. But this was different. This made me feel, somehow, as if I was helping just a little bit to put over a big thing—something really great and worth while. Men have been flying for a long time, trying to make the conquest of the air safe. Not many women before me had done their bit. My confidence began to soar, even as our machine mounted higher and higher. I was thrilled. My heart throbbed, and every nerve, though taut, was in perfect tune. Some day not far distant I expect to take flying as a matter of course, but I shall never forget how I felt that day.

We were about five thousand feet up in the air, and the old earth looked like an automobile map, when we took a startlingly abrupt dive. My chuckle was choked off, swallowed. When I got my breath back, I pounded poor Mr. Sperry soundly. We seemed then to have righted ourselves and started up again. Then we coasted slowly down and landed in a marsh in the midst of a cornfield, somewhere in the vicinity of Old Point Comfort.

I was afraid that Mr. Sperry had gotten cross with me, maybe for pounding him, and was going to tell me to get out and wait till he had finished his flight, and then he would come back and get me; but he patted me on the back, and as I turned around to tell him how much I had enjoyed the trip, I saw that his face and his goggles were dripping wet. A spray of water and alcohol from some exhaust pipe that hadn't been properly pinched together had blinded him for a moment, and this had caused our abrupt descent.

The full story of our mishap and the measure of our danger I learned later. There wasn't much danger. The machine was equipped with special safety

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devices, but the motor became overheated because there was water in the gasoline, and so, for that time, we had to leave the plane and march back home.

Like it? Why, yes, that's what I've been trying all along to tell you. I am so sure this is the right answer to the troublesome problem of delays in train traveling that I am buying for my own use a Curtis triplane. I have concluded arrangements with a capable man to drive it for me, and hereafter I expect to keep my dates at film studios and elsewhere, *en plane vol.*

*Winifred Allen*

## Clothes—A Vital Theme

(Continued from a previous page)

part in the production. Even with the preliminary reading of the scenario, I am keyed to catch suggestions, and often a situation in the synopsis will inspire an unusual idea and set me off on a new trail.

While the building up of situations and the working out of big scenes is the meat of my work, gathering the wardrobe, picking over exquisite materials—plushy velvets, chiffons and cobweb laces—is my dessert. It is the most fascinating sport in the world, for I am not alone pleasing myself, but gambling, as I said before, on the errant whims of a delightful tyrant.

I believe that a woman's personal appearance is one of her most dependable assets, not alone on the stage, but in every walk of life.

When she has chosen her dresses, the same careful attention should be given to hats, shoes and gloves, for it is the harmony with which these extras are selected that makes the perfectly appointed woman.

Above all else, the thing demanded in choosing frocks, be it this year's styles or next, is the fool-proof quality of simplicity. Overdressing is as sad a vice as over-eating, and the woman who stays close to the simple lines and eschews an excess of trimmings and flouncings, furbelows and frills, plays a winning hand. More productions are ruined by inartistic gowning than by anything else. Simplicity comes high, but it pays.

*Norma Talmadge*



## Ambition

By Bernadine Hilty

I'LL JUST bet you couldn't guess, In a thousand million years, What I will do when I grow up. Oooooo! it fills me full of fears!

I'm going to be a movie star, And growl and bark like wild! I'll be the big, brave hero-dog That saves the little child.

I won't have curls like Mary, Nor be a Theda Bara vamp; But, say, my teeth will flash and gleam When I see a bold, bad tramp!

I'll play the Red Cross war dog And drag the soldiers up. When I get big and in the films, You bet I'll be SOME pup!

## A Fair Start

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"

"Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life."

"How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread-and-milk, same as you did!"—*Tit-Bits.*

## Film Fun

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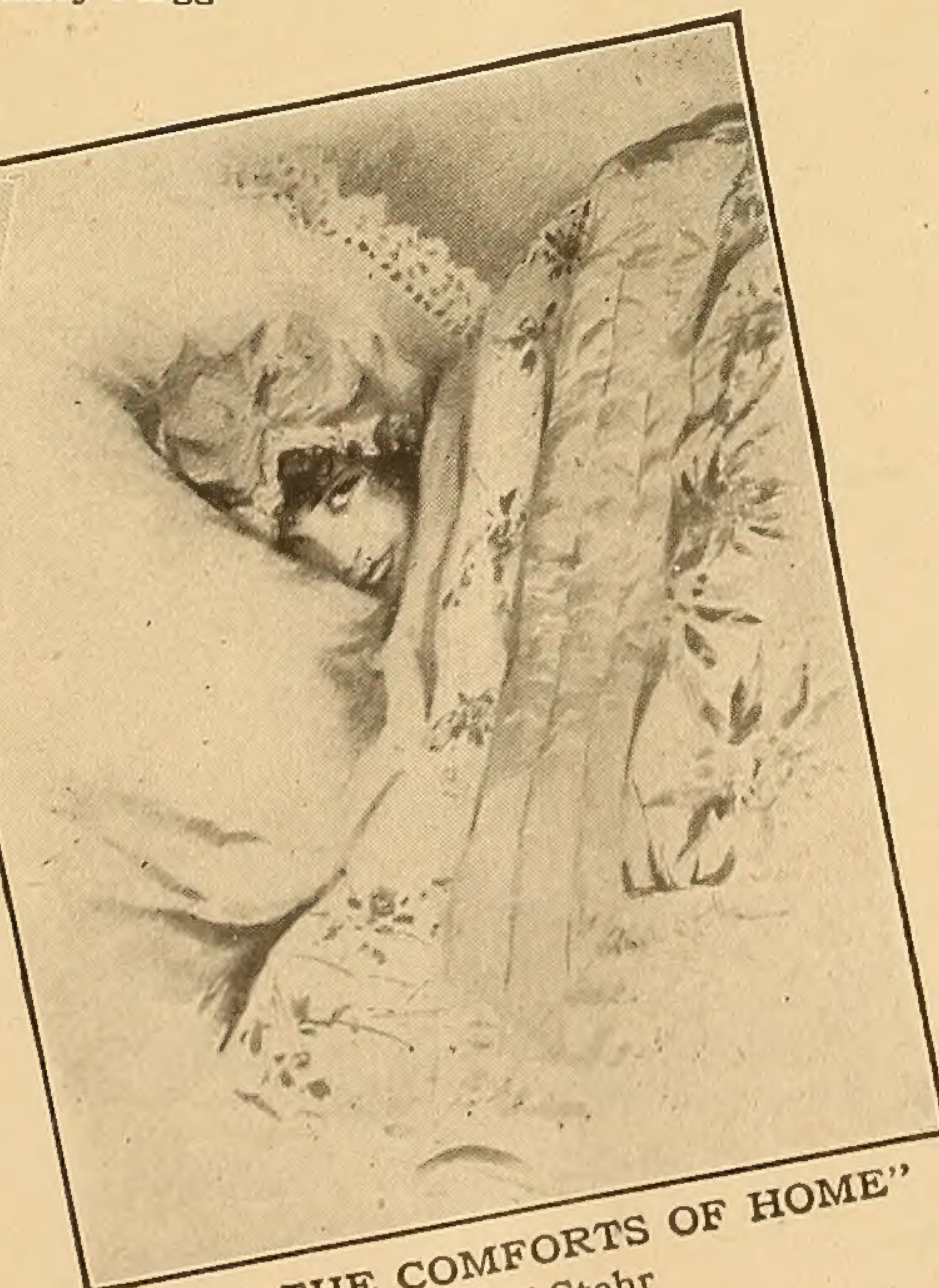


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